

CHAMELEON ★ THE CADET ★ TARGET

July -
August

TARGET COMICS

10¢

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G
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T



THERE SHALL BE NO
BLACKOUT OF LIBERTY
.. IN AMERICA ..

VOL. 4 NO. 5

AL PLASTINO



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Fellows and Girls:

Your Uncle Sam needs paper for the War and, because of this, all publishers of magazines and newspapers are cooperating with him by cutting down on the amount of paper they use in their magazines, etc. TARGET COMICS is very glad to do its part, and it is for this reason that we are combining the July and August issues of TARGET. This means that you will only be able to buy one TARGET for these two months instead of a separate issue for July and one for August. We have also reduced the quantity of magazines that we print each issue so that many readers, if they get to the newsstands late, may be unable to buy a copy of their favorite Comic. Won't you help your Uncle Sam and help us save paper by passing on your copy of TARGET to other fans who come too late to buy it at the newsstands and who would otherwise miss seeing their favorite characters.

We had a very hard time selecting the few letters we have room to publish on this page as we had dozens of wonderful letters from you readers. Don't forget to read them all and keep writing to us. The Editors need all you Associate Editors these days, and it's certainly swell to hear how you're all making that money with which to buy War Stamps and Bonds.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS.

Dear Editor

My favorite comic book is TARGET COMICS. I like most every strip in the whole book, but my favorite story is "Speck, Spot and Sis." I like it best because it seems very much like the fellows on my block. We have a club called the Junior Commandos, and we collect scrap and bring it down to our nearest scrap drive post. I earn my War Stamp money by working for a shoemaker; I do all sorts of jobs for him. I think it is the duty of every American boy and girl to do as much as they can towards the War Effort and towards the final victory of the Allies.

Yours truly,
Jesse Henry,
New York City

You and your Junior Commandos have the right idea, Jesse, and with spirit like that the road to VICTORY will be shortened a lot.

• • • • •

Dear Editors:

I am writing this letter to tell you what I think of your magazine. First of all, I have two reasons for liking it, they are as follows.

1. I have not yet seen any magazine company publish criticizing letters from its readers in its magazine except yours. This certainly proves that you are not afraid to print the truth.

2. Your magazine not only shows action on its cover, but through the entire book.

I'm sure all your readers will agree with my two reasons about your comic book.

Sincerely a TARGET Fan,
Fred Witzgall,
Guttenberg, New Jersey.

We need criticizing letters, Fred, to keep us on our toes, and we HAVE to publish them to show our readers that we welcome their comments.

Dear Editors:

One day I went into my friend's house and found an issue of TARGET COMICS. I borrowed the book and brought it home. My father said I could not have any comic books because they were too fantastic. Then I showed my father the book of TARGET COMICS. He thought it was marvelous since this was one of the first comic books he had ever seen that did not contain fantastic characters. He said that I could buy it every month.

I get money to buy War Stamps in many ways. I save forty cents from my sixty-cent allowance every week. I also work in a butcher store. I am in charge of collecting books for the soldiers throughout our school. In one day our school collected 3,134 books and magazines. We are doing everything we can for the War Effort. I am now a loyal TARGET reader.

Sincerely yours,
Martin Freeman,
New York City.

I guess all we can say is "GOOD" to everything in your letter, Martin.

• • • • •

Dear Editors

I have been getting your comic book for some time. My favorite strip is "Al T Tude." It has everything and couldn't be better. "Bull's Eye Bill" deserves a "bull's eye," too, and with a little more history mixed with it, it will be the best in the outfit. I suggest you take "Gulliver's Travels" out and put in comic strips like "Powerhouse Pepper" and "Scoop Scuttle," both drawn by Basil Wolverton. As you asked us to say more about the new strip "Dan'l Flannel," I'd say it is pretty good. Like Paul McLurnin says, I would also like more action in "The Cadet."

About War Bonds, I am co-owner in several Bonds and am working hard to buy one of my own. And to add

something, I am going to work on a farm this summer and relieve an older man for combat duty.

A Fan,
Master Thomas A Lewellen,
Prescott, Arizona.

How do you like the "United Nations" story that has now replaced "Gulliver's Travels," Tom?

• • • • •

Dear Editor

Though I expect you do not wish to be bothered with many letters, I have promised myself that I would write to you. Here at the camp where I am stationed, the biggest selling comic book is TARGET. Not only the U. S. Army reads it, but also the Navy and Marines. After a hard day's work a man in one of the Armed Forces likes to take it easy and read something that will give him a few laughs. It may sound kind of silly for the men in the Armed Forces to read Comic Books, but that is a real treat these days. The boys here gave up reading the newspaper because all it has is War and more War. The comic book called TARGET is the best one the boys and I have ever read. The biggest cry that anybody hears at the Ship Service these days is, "Hey, Sister, gimme a few comic books called TARGET." In the Army, Navy, and Marines, almost every person has at least two or three Bonds. Keep up the good work and we will all be happy. If I receive any kind of a prize, I will buy some candy for the boys.

Sincerely yours,
Private Samuel Schepps,
Quonset Point, Rhode Island.

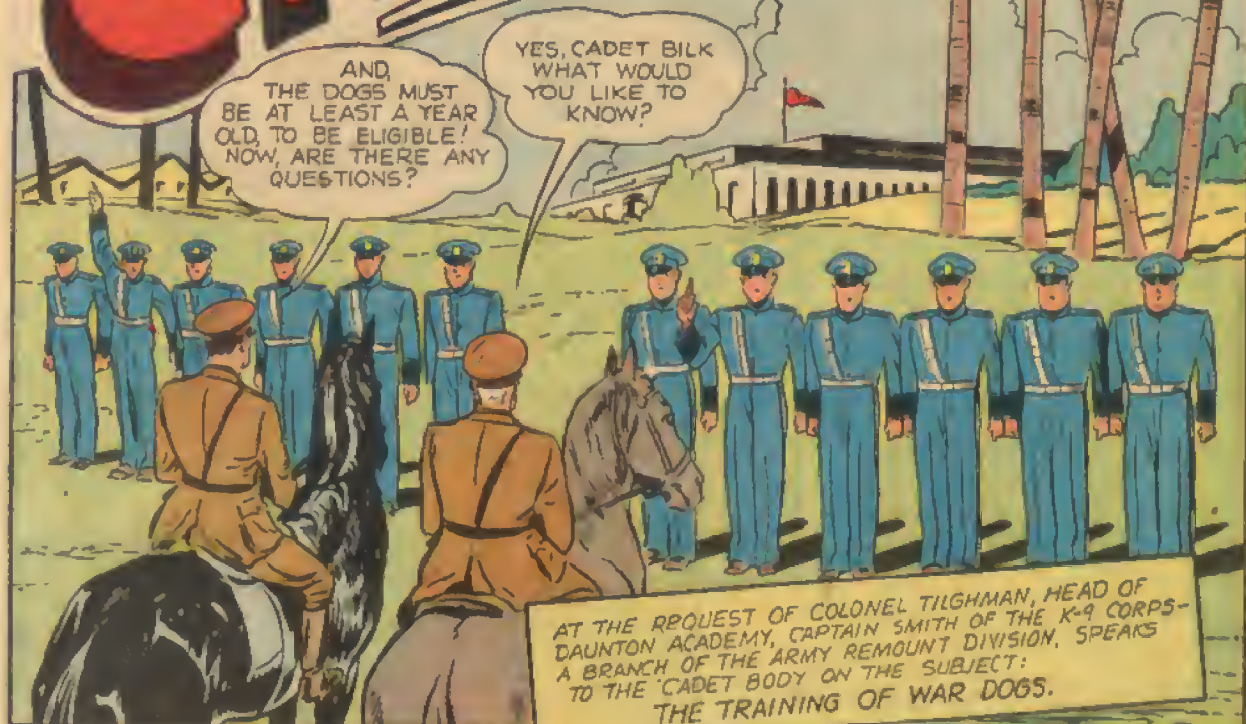
We hate to say you're wrong, Private Schepps, but the fact is the more letters we receive, the better we like it, and we are sending you a buck with which to buy some more candy for the boys because of your swell letter.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The CADET



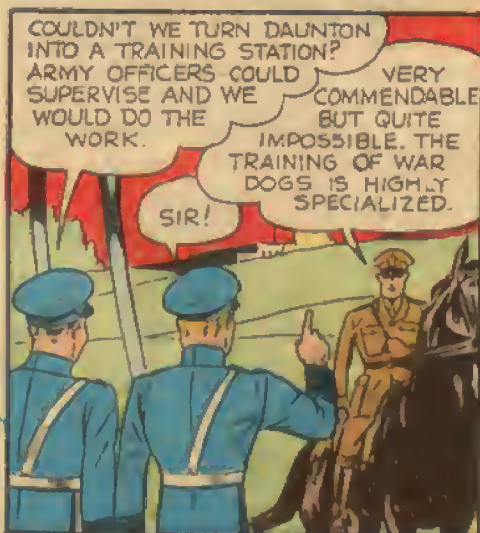
FEATURING
KIT
CARTER



AND, THE DOGS MUST BE AT LEAST A YEAR OLD TO BE ELIGIBLE! NOW, ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS?

YES, CADET BILK WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

AT THE REQUEST OF COLONEL TILGHMAN, HEAD OF DAUNTON ACADEMY, CAPTAIN SMITH OF THE K-9 CORPS—A BRANCH OF THE ARMY REMOUNT DIVISION, SPEAKS TO THE 'CADET BODY ON THE SUBJECT: THE TRAINING OF WAR DOGS.



COULDN'T WE TURN DAUNTON INTO A TRAINING STATION? ARMY OFFICERS COULD SUPERVISE AND WE WOULD DO THE WORK.

VERY COMMENDABLE BUT QUITE IMPOSSIBLE. THE TRAINING OF WAR DOGS IS HIGHLY SPECIALIZED.

SIR!

THEN, SIR, COULDN'T WE BRING OUR OWN DOGS TO DAUNTON AND GIVE THEM BASIC TRAINING PRIOR TO THEIR POSSIBLE INDUCTION?



HMM... I CAN'T SEE ANY POSSIBLE OBJECTION. IN FACT, I THINK IT WOULD BE VERY FINE!

THANK YOU, SIR!

HOT DOG!

GOOD BOY, KIT!

THE CAPTAIN DISCUSSES THE PROJECT WITH KIT, WHO IS APPOINTED HEAD OF THE CADET COMMITTEE.

HERE'S A LIST OF THE PREFERRED BREEDS. IT MAY HELP.

THANK YOU, SIR!

BREEDS MOST WANTED BY THE ARMY'S K-9 CORPS.

GERMAN SHEPHERDS	BOXERS
BELGIAN SHEPHERDS	POINTERS
DOBERMAN PINCHERS	COLLIES
GERMAN SHORT	POODLES
GREAT DANES	BRIARDS
OLD ENGLISH	SPANIELS
SHEEP DOGS	IRISH
DALMATIANS	SETTERS
SCHNAUZERS	AIRDALES
ENGLISH SPRINGERS	

OTHERS ONLY ON SPECIAL ORDER.

MY CHOW WON'T BE ANY GOOD BUT I THINK I CAN GET MY BROTHER'S GERMAN SHEPHERD!

MINE'S OKAY.

ALL CADETS WHO OWN DOGS ON THE LIST MEET DOWN AT THE BOAT-HOUSE. WE'LL MAKE PLANS THERE.

FINE! I'LL STAY OVER THE WEEK-END TO GET YOU STARTED.

A SHORT TIME LATER, THE DOG OWNERS SIGN UP...

THAT'S ALL EXCEPT FOR YOU, DAN. LET'S HAVE YOUR SIGNATURE.

GUESS I'M OUT OF THIS—NO DOG!

HA! HA!

WHY NOT SIGN YOURSELF UP, MERRY? HA-HA!

GO AHEAD AND LAUGH! I'LL HAVE THE LAST GIGGLE, YOU WORMS!

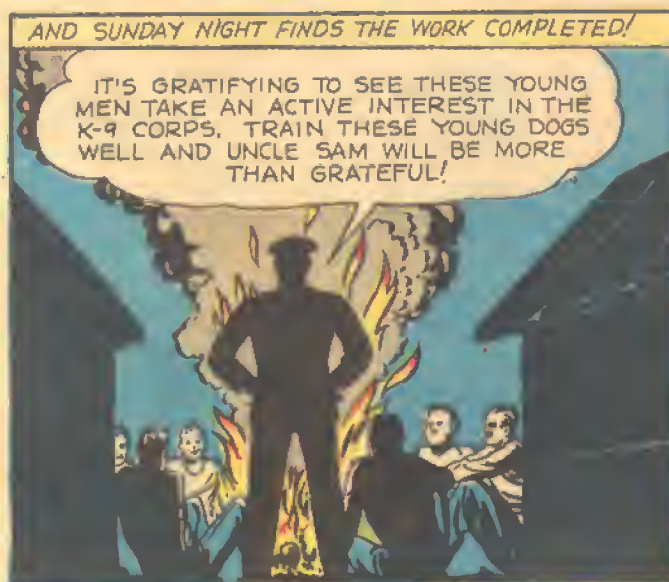
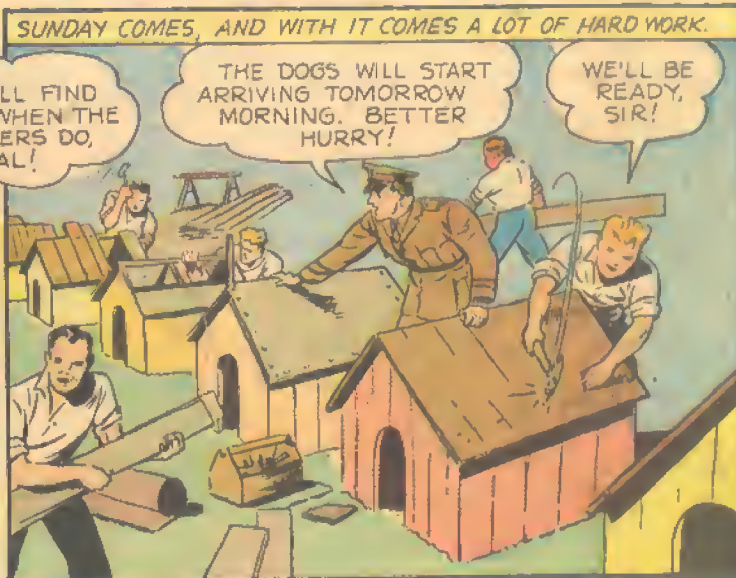
HOW ABOUT THAT, DAN?

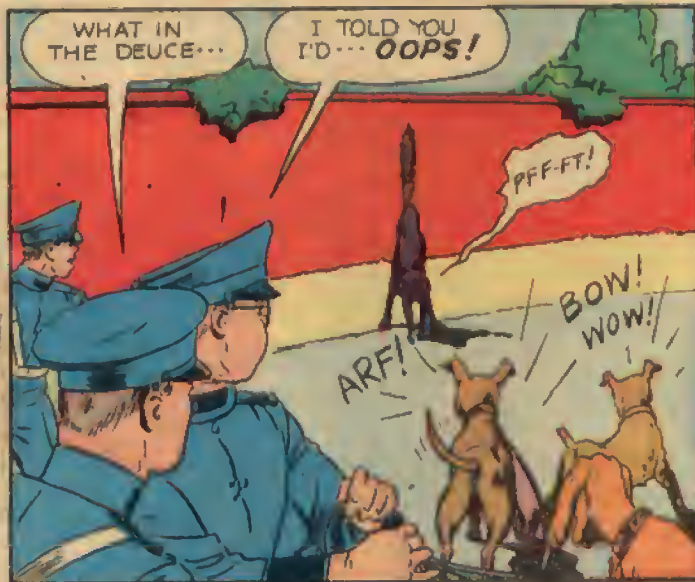
UNFORTUNATELY, THE COOK'S CAT TAKES THE PUNCH OUT OF DAN'S DRAMATIC EXIT!

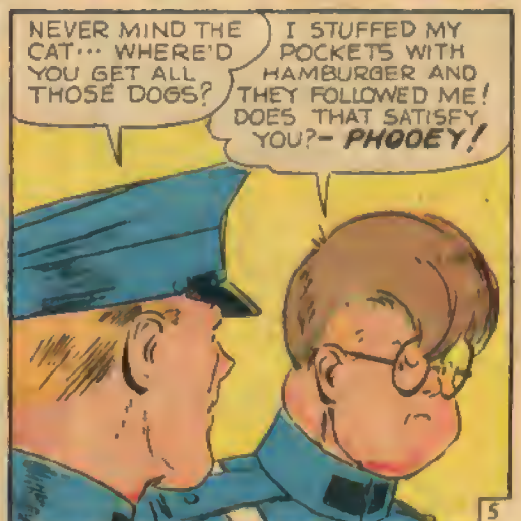
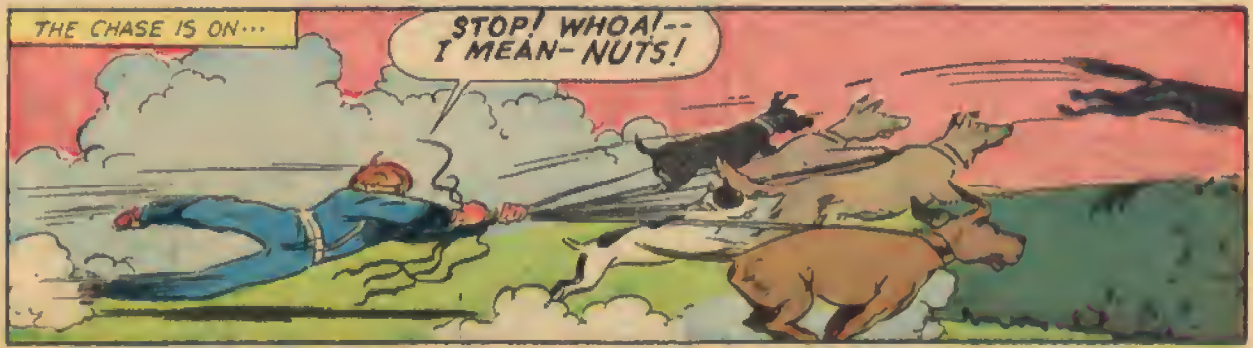
CATS ARE MORE YOUR SPEED, EH, MERRY?

NUTS!

MEOW!









COME ON, DAN!
DON'T BE SORE!

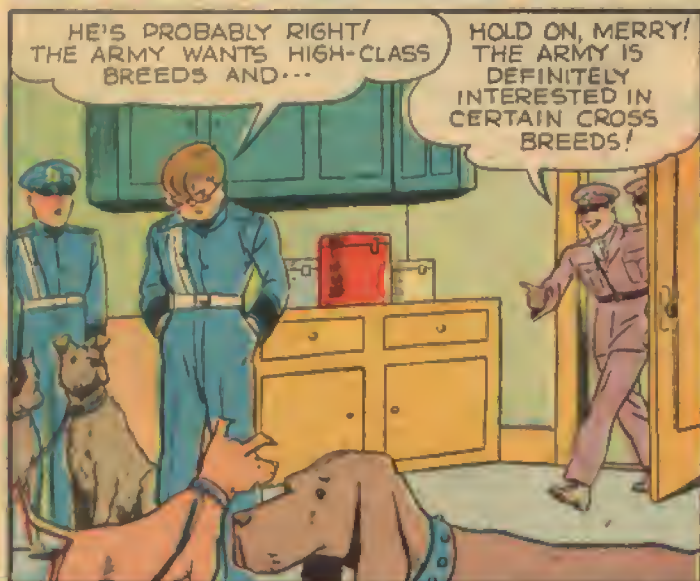
OKAY... YOU SEE,
I WAS MAD BECAUSE
YOU KIDDED ME
ABOUT NOT HAVING
A DOG TO GIVE-



SO, I WENT OUT AND
GOT A WHOLE BUNCH
OF THEM!

TAKE IT
EASY, BILK!

HA! HA! BUT WHAT
GOOD ARE THEY? IT
WOULD TAKE A HINDU
MYSTIC TO DETERMINE
THEIR ANCESTRY!



HE'S PROBABLY RIGHT!
THE ARMY WANTS HIGH-CLASS
BREEDS AND...

HOLD ON, MERRY!
THE ARMY IS
DEFINITELY
INTERESTED IN
CERTAIN CROSS
BREEDS!



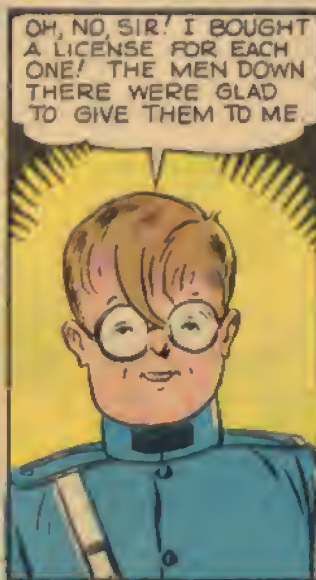
GOSH, SIR, THAT'S
GREAT NEWS!

PERHAPS... BUT
I'LL HAVE TO ASK
YOU TO RETURN EVERY
LAST DOG! WHERE
DID YOU GET
THEM?



AT THE CITY
POUND, SIR!

GOOD HEAVENS!
DON'T TELL ME
YOU **TOOK**
THEM!



OH, NO, SIR! I BOUGHT
A LICENSE FOR EACH
ONE! THE MEN DOWN
THERE WERE GLAD
TO GIVE THEM TO ME.



OH-H... I
SEE!

LOOKS AS IF YOU MIGHT
GET THAT LAST LAUGH
AFTER ALL, MERRY. SIGN
THEM UP! -ALL OF THEM.
WE'LL LET THEM SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES.

THANK
YOU, SIR!

MMPH!



COME ON, DAN. I'LL SHOW YOU THE SWELL KENNELS WE MADE.

LOOK, FELLOWS! HERE COMES THE TRUCK WITH OUR DOGS!

GREAT!



AND, A FEW HOURS LATER...

ALL OF THESE DOGS ARE QUALIFIED FOR BASIC TRAINING. YOU GO TO WORK AND I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW WEEKS TO SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE.



THE CADETS GET INTO THE SWING OF THE TRAINING AND THE YOUNG DOGS LEARN READILY.

OUT!

STAY!

HEEL!



THEN, A FEW WEEKS LATER...

CAPTAIN SMITH! WELCOME BACK TO DAUNTON!

THANK YOU, COLONEL. HOW HAVE THE BOYS MADE OUT?



BY A PROCESS OF ELIMINATION, CAPTAIN SMITH FINDS THE TWO BEST DOGS TO BE DAN'S BUCK AND BILK'S SHEP.

WE'LL TEST THEM. NOW... SEND THEM OUT!

OUT, SHEP! GOOD BOY!

OUT, BUCK-OUT!

?

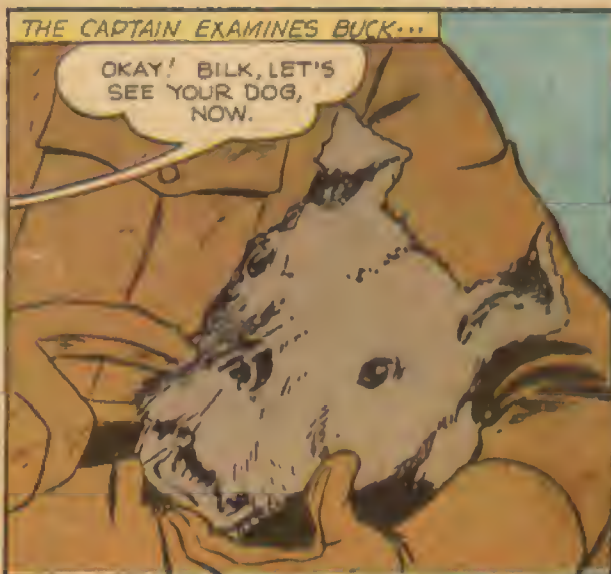


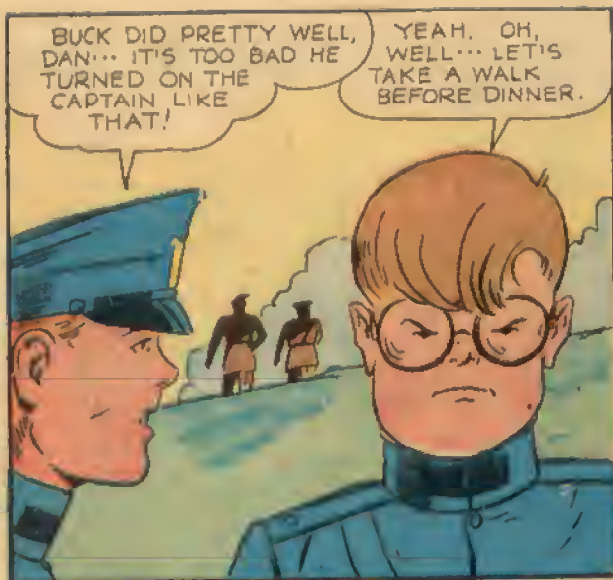
BUCK! GET OUT THERE--THAT'S IT!

HMM! MAYBE HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH, DAN! HA! HA!

GEE!







BUCK DID PRETTY WELL, DAN... IT'S TOO BAD HE TURNED ON THE CAPTAIN LIKE THAT!

YEAH. OH, WELL... LET'S TAKE A WALK BEFORE DINNER.



FOR GOSH SAKES— LOOK AT BUCK "HEEL" NOW! WHY COULDN'T HE HAVE BEHAVED AS WELL DURING THE TESTS?



I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BOTHER TO COME, MERRY.

OH, I LIKE CROWDS. IT'S EASIER, THEN, TO AVOID PEOPLE I DON'T WANT TO SEE.

NO SMOKING

HEY— YOU TWO! YOUR DOGS ARE COMPETING— NOT YOU!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, SOME OF THE CADETS GATHER BACKSTAGE...

DON'T GIVE UP, DAN. BUCK HAS A GOOD CHANCE OF WINNING.

IT'S PRETTY OBVIOUS THAT SHEP IS THE BETTER DOG.

YEAH. WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE?



SEE! THERE'S A BIRTHDAY CAKE ON THE STAGE— WITH ONE CANDLE.

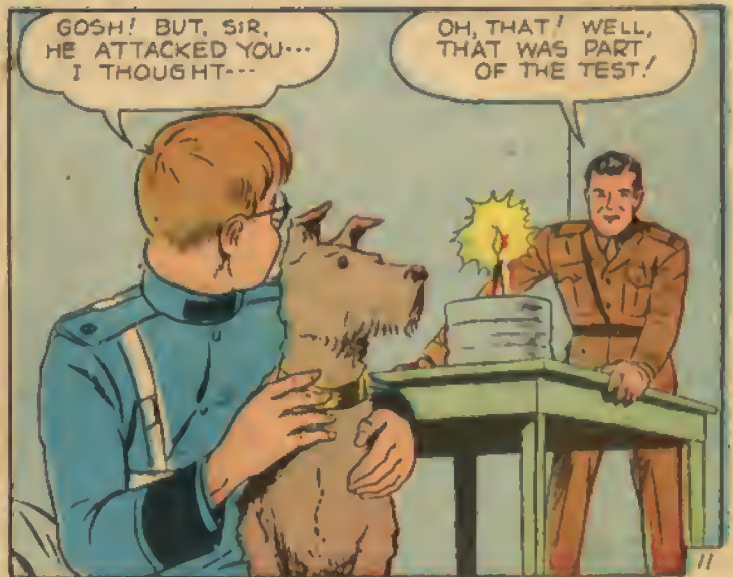
SO WHAT?

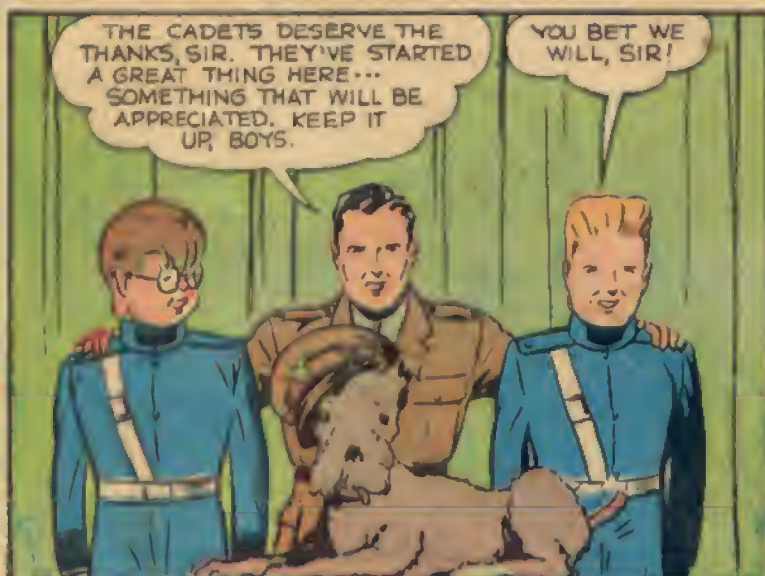
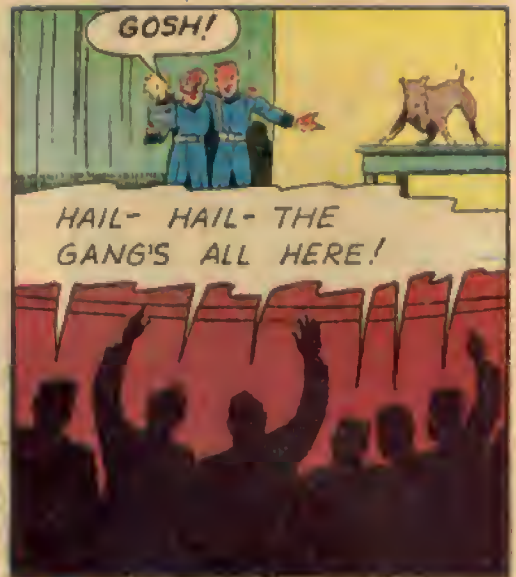


I PUT IT THERE! THIS IS SHEP'S FIRST BIRTHDAY— AND HIS PRESENT WILL BE THE CAPTAIN'S DECISION!



SOUNDS KIND OF STUPID TO ME. WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHEN A DOG'S BIRTHDAY IS? I'M SURE BUCK DOESN'T CARE!





WOULD YOU LIKE TO
SEND **YOUR DOG** TO
WAR?

WRITE FOR A QUESTIONNAIRE
TO

DOGS FOR DEFENSE

22 EAST 60TH STREET
NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

DO NOT SEND YOUR DOG!



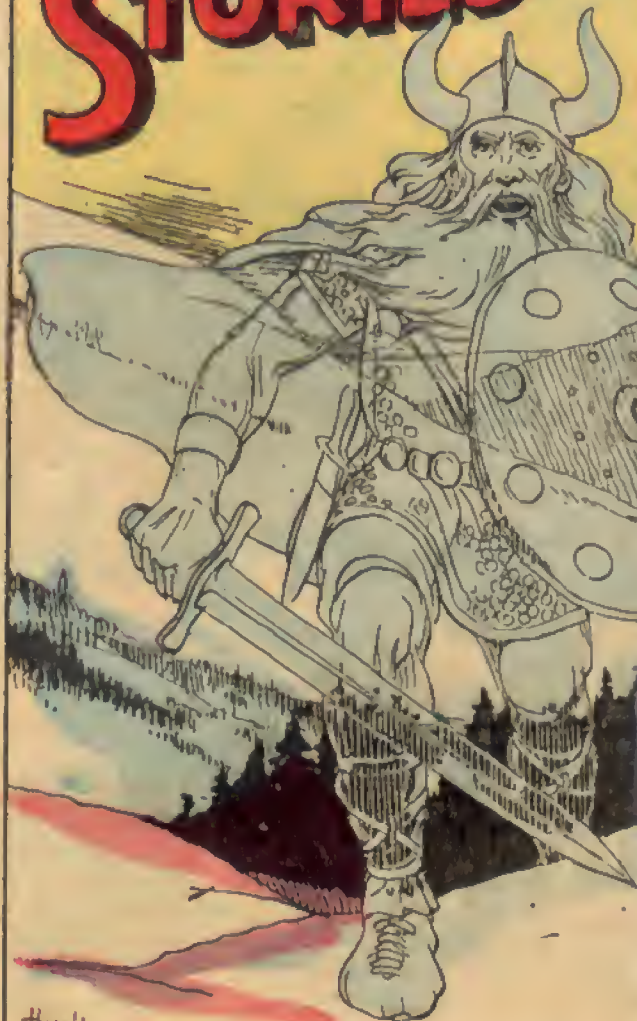
KIT CARTER AND THE
DAUNTON CADETS WILL BE
BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF

TARGET

WITH A BRAND NEW STORY

STORIES OF THE UNITED NATIONS

NORWAY



THE SPIRIT OF THE VIKINGS, THOSE GREAT NORSE WARRIORS OF OLD, LIVES AGAIN IN THIS STORY OF THE MODERN MEN AND WOMEN OF NORWAY...

ON THAT TERRIBLE DAY WHEN PEACEFUL SHIPS IN THE HARBOR SPOUTED TROOPS AND GUNS, WHEN THE ROAR OF GIANT PLANES FILLED THE AIR, A LITTLE GROUP OF TOWNSFOLK GATHERED IN A TINY NORWEGIAN VILLAGE...

Harold Deloy



WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST SUCH ODDS?



YOUNG MEN OF OUR VILLAGE! FLEE WITH ME TO THE HILLS WHERE WE CAN PLAN RESISTANCE!

WE ARE WITH YOU, ROLAND. BUT LET US HURRY-THE GERMANS WILL SOON BE HERE!



BE PATIENT, SONJA,
AND BRAVE, I WILL
RETURN FOR YOU!

BE CARE-
FUL, ROLAND!



THE YOUNG MEN OF THE VILLAGE TAKE
THEIR LEAVE, FEAR AND HOPE AND PRIDE
FILL THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO STAY
BEHIND!



SOON AFTER THE NAZI TROOPS INVADE
THE ONCE PEACEFUL LITTLE VILLAGE.

ASSEMBLE THE PEOPLE IN THE
SQUARE FOR COUNTING AND
CHECKING!



ARE THERE NO YOUNG MEN
IN THIS VILLAGE? ANSWER
ME!

THE GERMAN OFFICER RECEIVES NO ANSWER!



AHA! SO THEY HAVE FLED! WELL, THEY
WON'T GET FAR. TOMORROW A SEARCH-
ING PARTY WILL GO
AFTER THEM!!



THE NEXT MORNING HIGH IN THE TOWERING HILLS,
THE YOUNG PATRIOTS MAKE THEIR WAY ALONG ICY
SLOPES HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS.

LOOK! DOWN
THERE, LEIF!

BELOW, ALONG A STEEP CLIFF, THE NAZI PATROL SEARCHES FOR THE NORWEGIANS!



BUT THE SMALL BAND OF MEN ARE RESOURCEFUL.

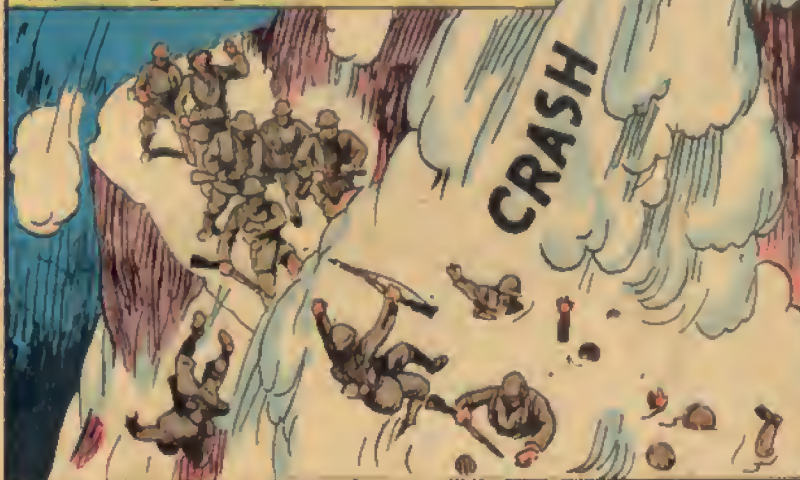
LUCKY I BROUGHT THIS DYNAMITE ALONG.



THEY COME! LIGHT THE FUSE AND RUN!



WITH A ROAR, THE DYNAMITE EXPLODES AND A GREAT MASS OF ICE AND SNOW FALLS UPON THE NAZIS HALTING THEM.



THE TRAIL IS BLOCKED. THEY WILL HAVE TO WAIT FOR REINFORCEMENTS!

AT LEAST IT WILL GIVE US TIME TO ORGANIZE!



HIDDEN HIGH IN THE MANY MOUNTAINS, THE NORWEGIANS PREPARE FOR BATTLE.

HA! I SEE YOU LIKE OUR NEW SLEDS, EH, LEIF?

I HOPE WE'LL BE READY TO USE THEM SOON!



AND HERE COME MORE VOLUNTEERS! HOW CAREFULLY CHRIS WATCHES THEM.



AND A LITTLE LATER THAT SAME DAY...

ROLAND, THE GERMANS
COME! MANY OF THEM.
THEY HAVE RECEIVED
REINFORCEMENTS. NOW,
WE WILL FIGHT!

WE MUST WAIT
TILL TONIGHT,
WHEN THEY
CAMP ON
THE PLATEAU!



THAT NIGHT THE BRAVE LITTLE BAND
PREPARES TO ATTACK.

THERE IS THE
CAMP! GET
READY.



THE TIME HAS COME!
THE ENEMY OUTNUMBERS
US BUT WE ARE STRONGER
IN SPIRIT! ATTACK!



UNHEARD AND UNSEEN BY
NAZI SENTRIES, THE WHITE-
CLAD BAND HURTLES DOWN
THE SLOPE!



THEN, FROM THE BLACKNESS OF THE
NIGHT AND THE WHITENESS OF THE
SNOW, A CONQUERED PEOPLE STRIKES
AT THE ENEMY!

DO NOT WASTE
A SINGLE
BULLET!



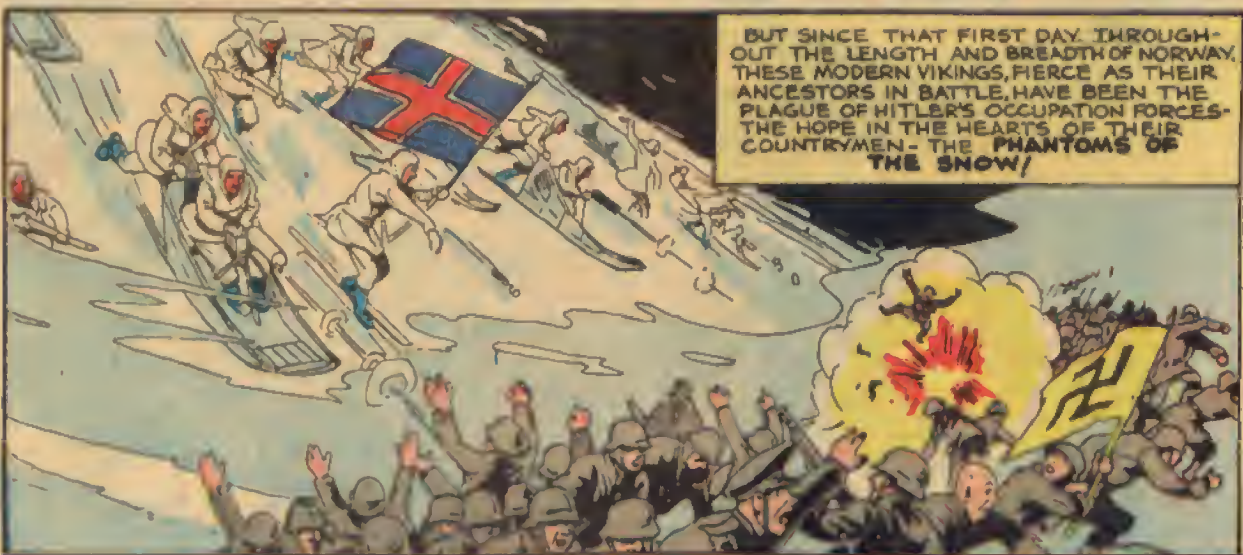
TOO SWIFT TO SHOOT AT, THE PATRIOTS SWEEP
THROUGH THE NAZI CAMP LIKE ROCKETS---
BURSTING IN FURY AMIDST THE ENEMY!







YES! ARE THERE OTHER OF THE WOMEN WHO WILL GO WITH US?



ALTITUDE

OUR HERO, HAVING BEEN SWORN INTO THE ARMY AIR CORPS, HAS RECEIVED ORDERS TO REPORT FOR TRAINING AT A MIDWESTERN FIELD. HE MAY TRAVEL HOWEVER HE PLEASURES...AS LONG AS HE GETS THERE ON TIME! HE DOES! AND, IN A PLANE OF HIS OWN CONCOCTION!

FRED BILL

HIGH EXPLOSIVES
U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS

STAY OUT
NO ADMITTANCE
PENALTY OF
THE LAW

U.S. ARMY

WITH A SURGE OF POWER AL'S TWO CYLINDER CYCLONE TAKES OFF.

BRING US BACK A JAP VALET!!

HUMPH! I WOULDN'T DO THAT TO MY BEST FRIENDS!

TO SAVE MONEY, AL BUILDS A PLANE FROM BITS OF SCRAP AND PREPARES TO LEAVE...

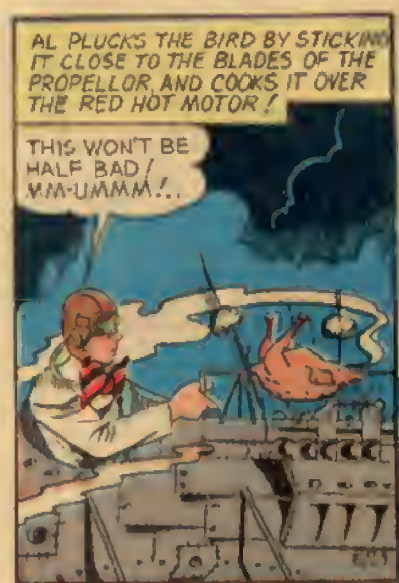
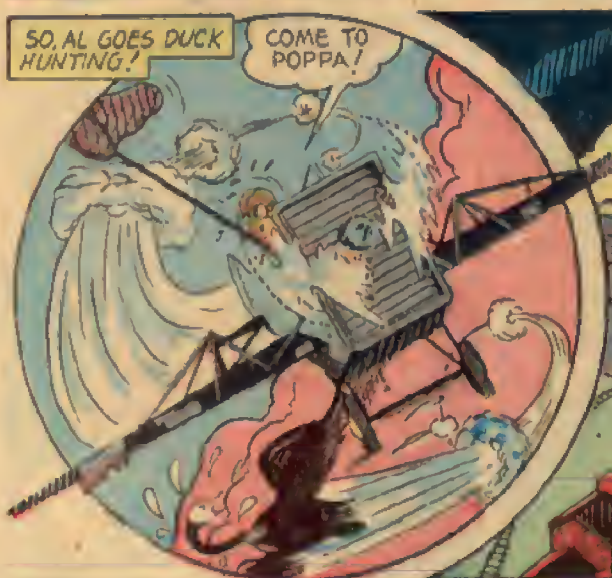
I HATE SENTIMENTAL PARTINGS! I'D RATHER LEAVE WHEN NO-ONE IS LOOKING!

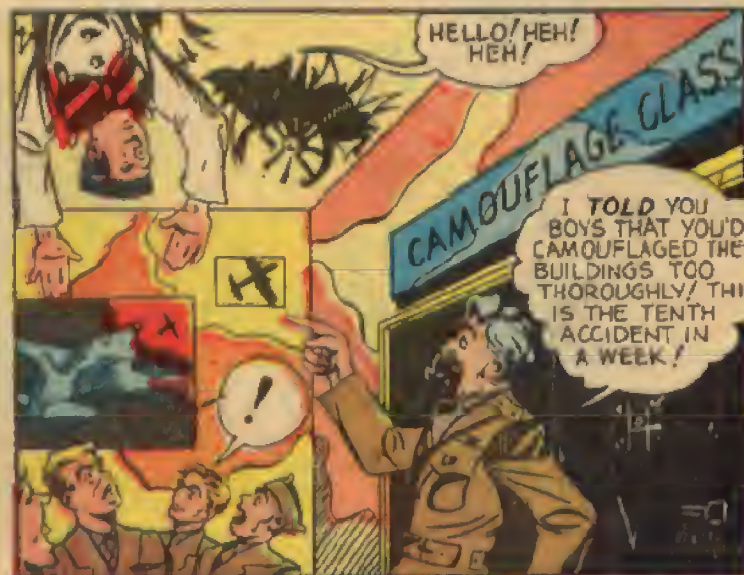
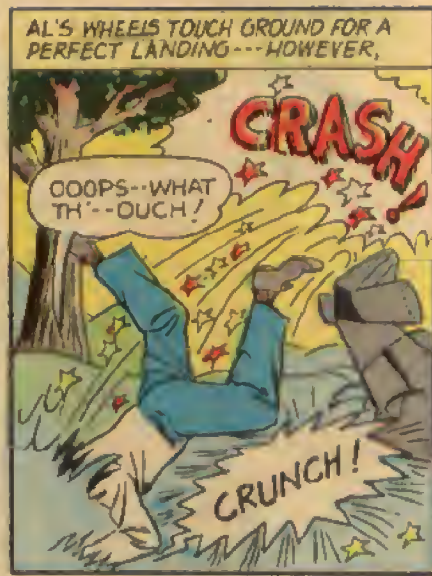
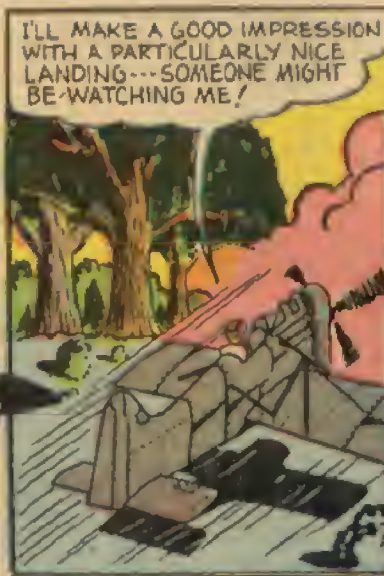
PSST--NOW!

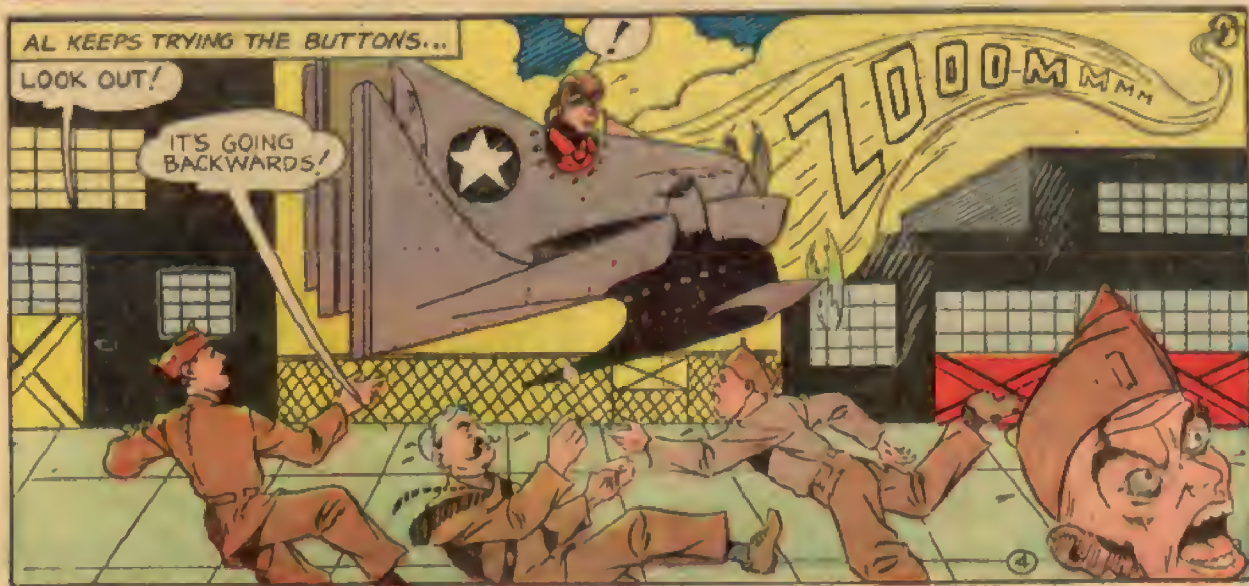
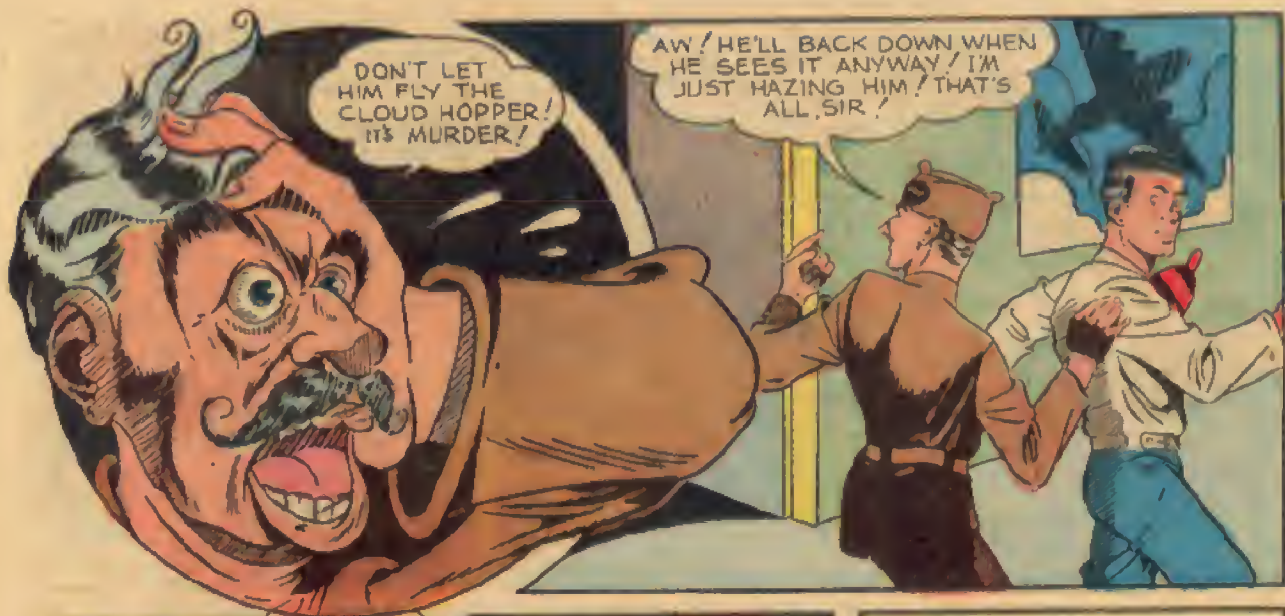
BYE, AL! SO LONG, PRIVATE TUDE!

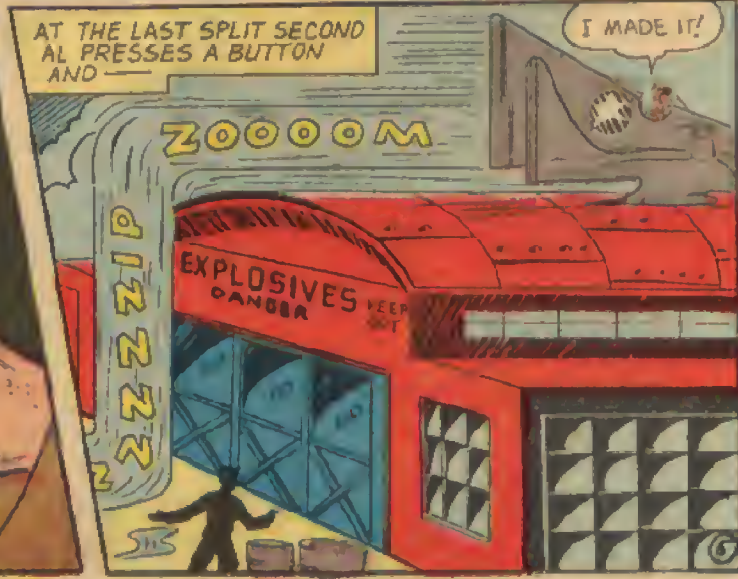
PHOOEY! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING PRIVATE ABOUT THIS!

CITY DUMP











CALL OUT THE CRASH WAGON! CALL OUT THE-- OH, WHAT'S THE USE! HE MUST BE SMASHED TO SMITHEREENS!

LOOK, SIR!



HE MADE IT! HE'S OUT! HE'S SAFE-- HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

HUH!



ENTER THE MAJOR.

HARRUMPH! WHO'S IN THAT PLANE? ANSWER ME--

UH-- OH!



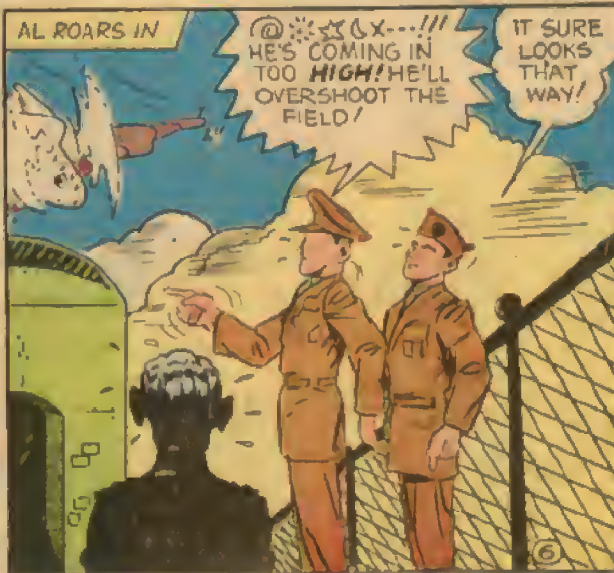
NEVER MIND! GET ME A **PORTABLE** RADIO TRANSMITTER, QUICKLY!



THE MAJOR CONTACTS AL--

YES, SIR!

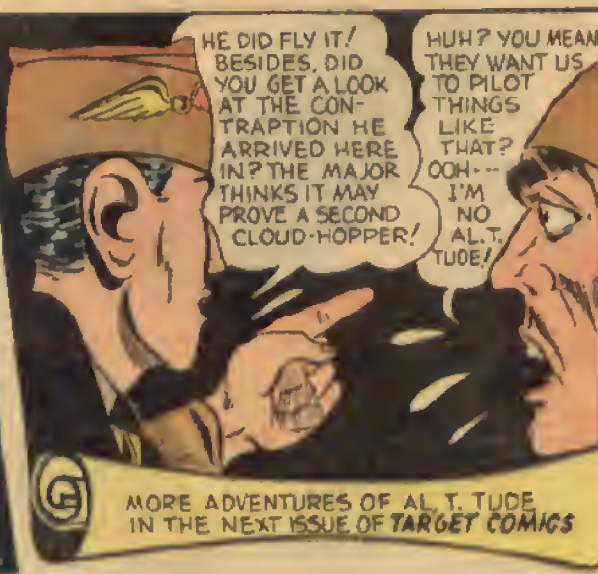
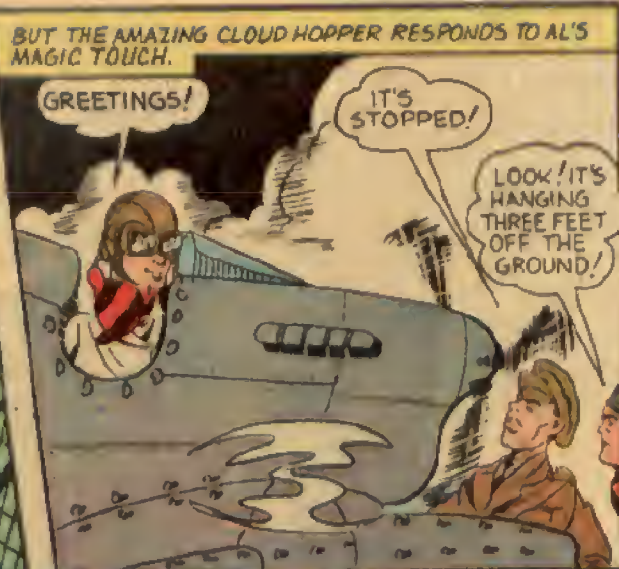
LAND THAT THING THIS INSTANT! COME DOWN! STOP!



AL ROARS IN

@*~X~*!!! HE'S COMING IN TOO **HIGH**! HE'LL OVERSHOOT THE FIELD!

IT SURE LOOKS THAT WAY!



©
MORE ADVENTURES OF AL. T. TUDE
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS

SPECK SPOT and SIS..

BY VINCENT

SYNOPSIS

TROUBLE OFTEN REARS ITS UGLY HEAD WHEN BUTCH AND SPEC, OLD ENEMIES, MEET

ALTHOUGH BUTCH'S ORIGINAL GANG FINALLY WOKE UP AND DECIDED TO HELP WIN THE WAR BY JOINING CAPTAIN SPEC'S VIOTS (VICTORY IS OUR TARGET CLUB), BUTCH HIMSELF DOES NOT TAKE TO HARD WORK LIKE RAISING VICTORY GARDENS OR COLLECTING SCRAP, SO....



I LET BUTCH OFF TOO EASY BUT BETTY SAYS IF WE FOUGHT THEM, IT WOULD HAVE MEANT A GANG WAR AND WE **MUST** WORK TOGETHER.



FIGHTING NEVER GETS A COUNTRY NOR INDIVIDUAL ANYWHERE COOPERATION IS THE BEST WAY TO GET ALONG.



I'LL GIT EVEN WITH THAT SISSY SPECK IF IT TAKES ME THE REST OF MY LIFE, **ME** WORK-HUMPH!



I'M THROUGH WITH THAT PANTY-WAIST SLUSH V.I.O.T VICTORY GARDEN-BAH!--- AND MY GANG FELL FOR IT!... OH WELL, I'LL GET ANOTHER GANG!



HM-M-M- I WONDER-

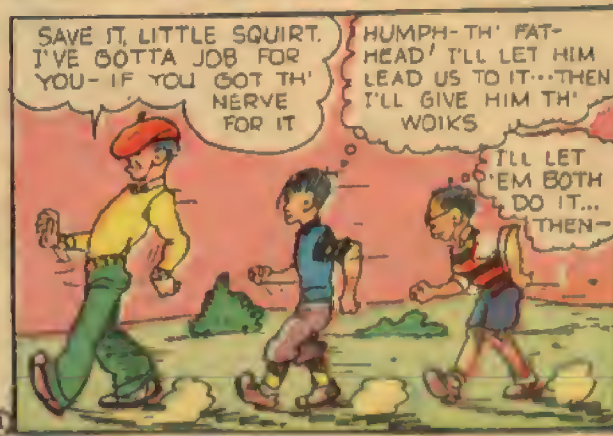
LISTEN, PAL-I'M TOUGH-- SEE! IF YOU'VE GOT ANY GUYS YOU DON'T LIKE, JUST POINT 'EM OUT TO ME I'LL FIX 'EM UP GOOD AND PLENTY- I'LL WHAM 'EM DOWN!



IF YOU AIN'T YELLOW AND MEAN WHAT YOU SAY, JOIN UP WITH ME I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE, SMALL FRY

SMALL FRY? WHY, YOU OVERGROWN ALLEY CAT, I'VE A NOTION TO BLAST YOU DOWN!

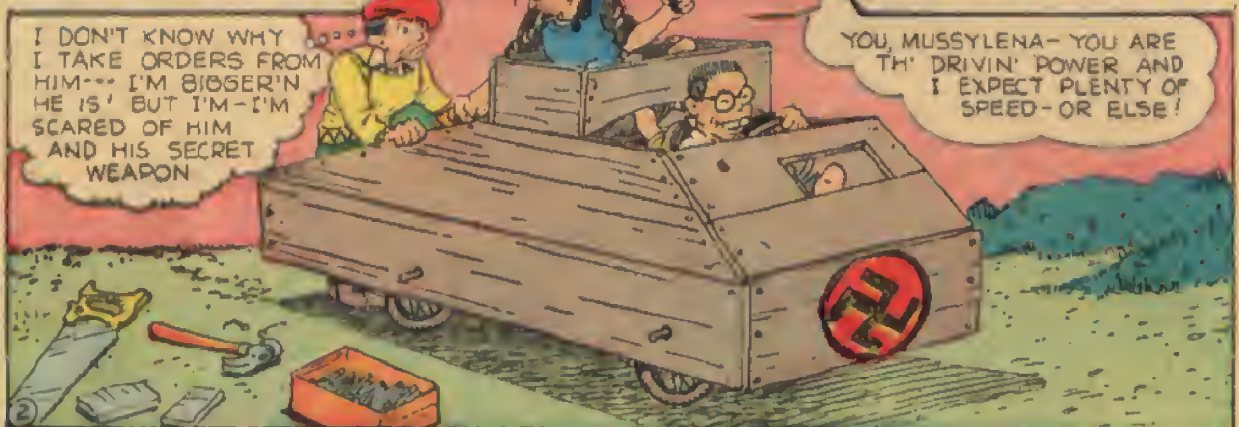
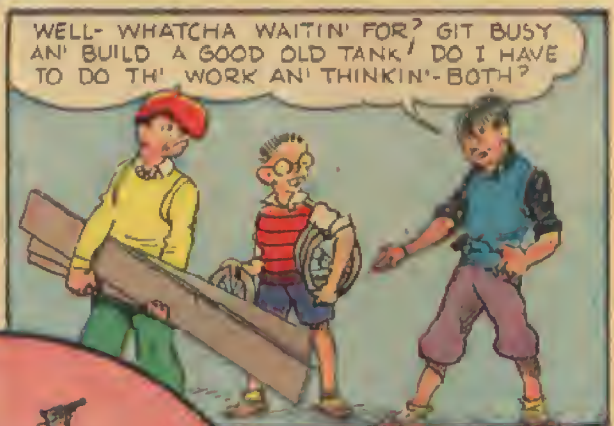
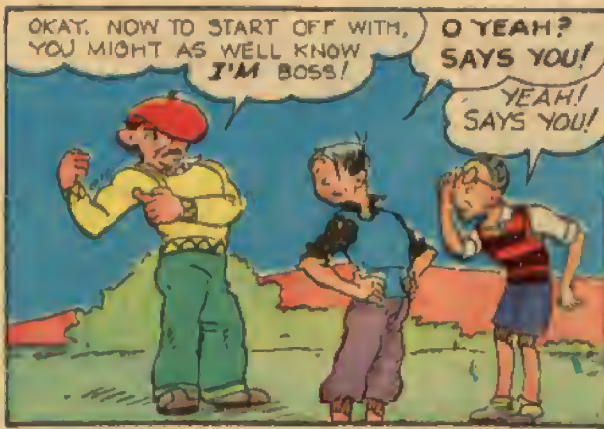
YEAH, YOU BIG PUNK!

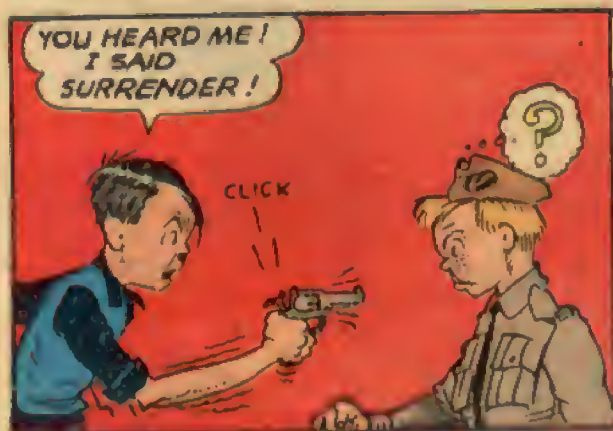
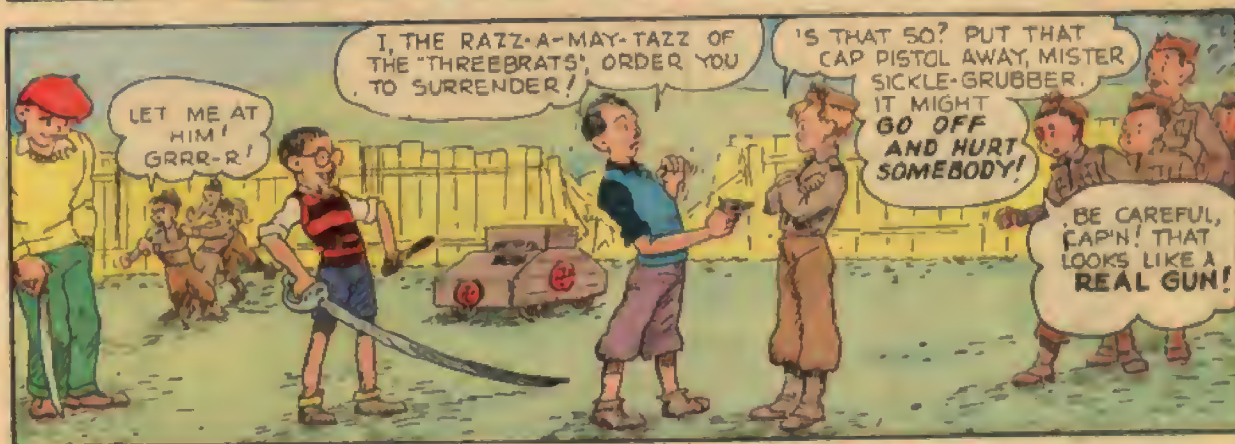
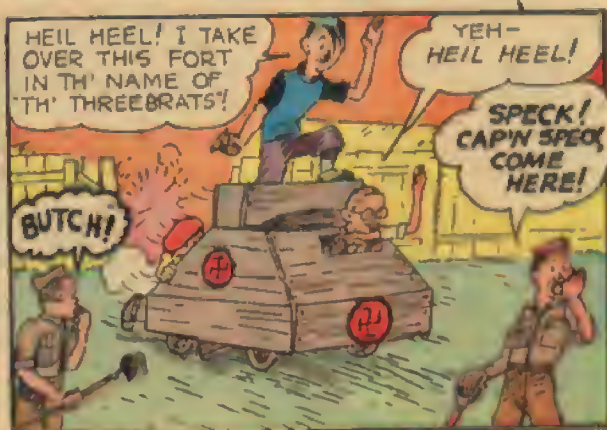
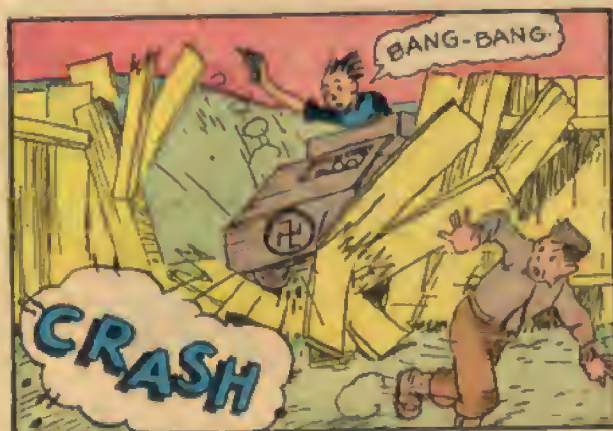
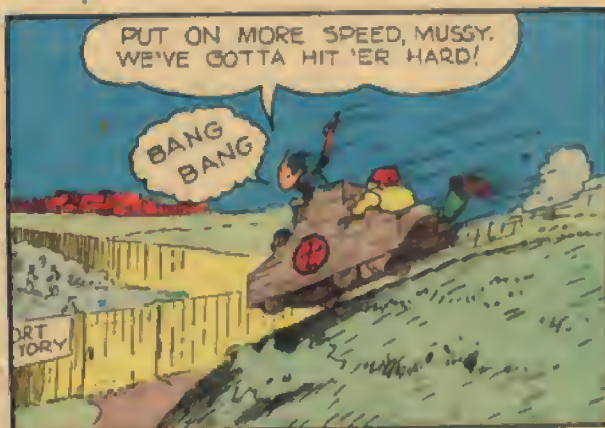


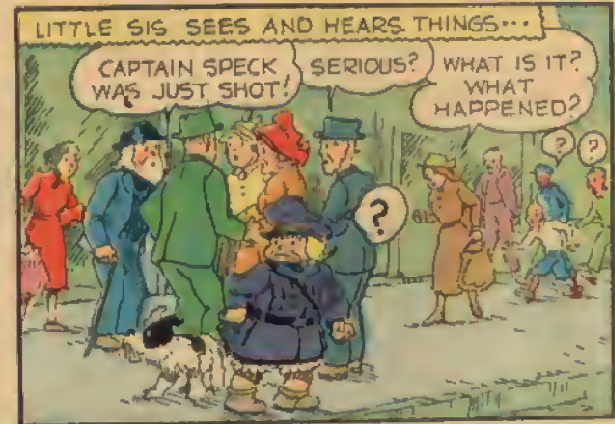
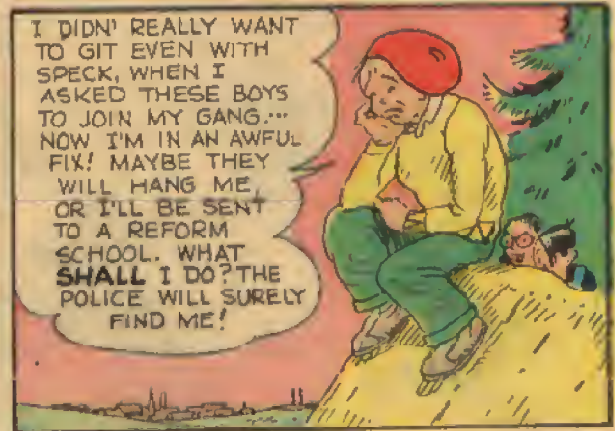
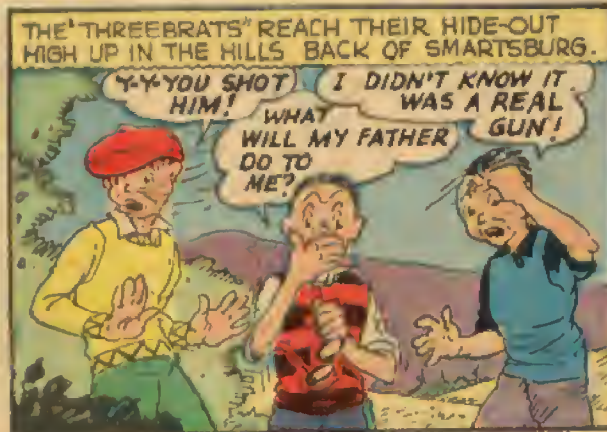
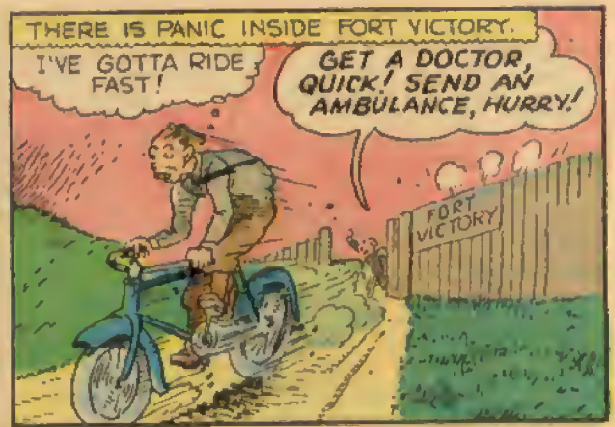
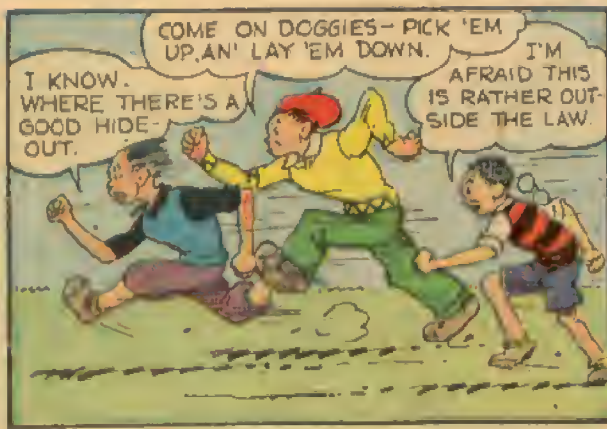
SAVE IT, LITTLE SQUIRT. I'VE GOTTA JOB FOR YOU- IF YOU GOT TH' NERVE FOR IT

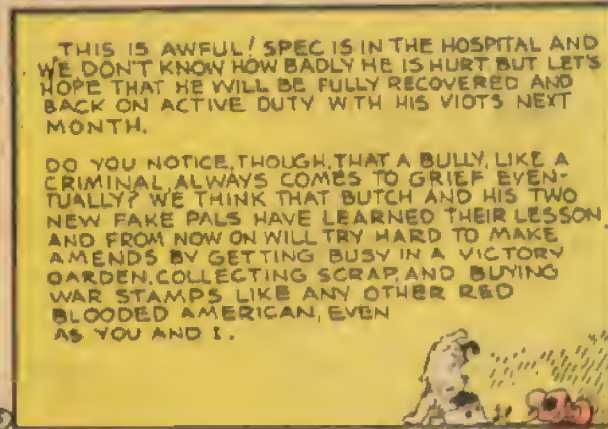
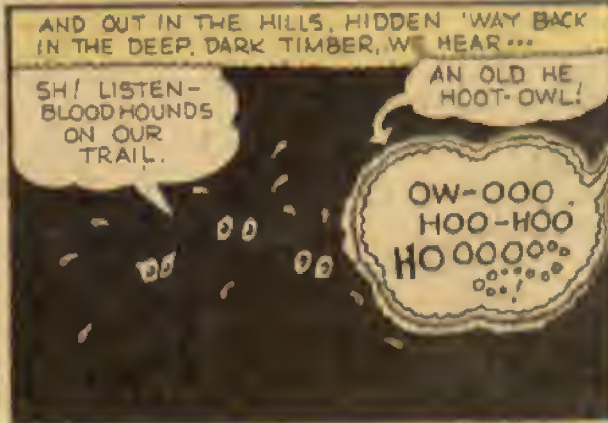
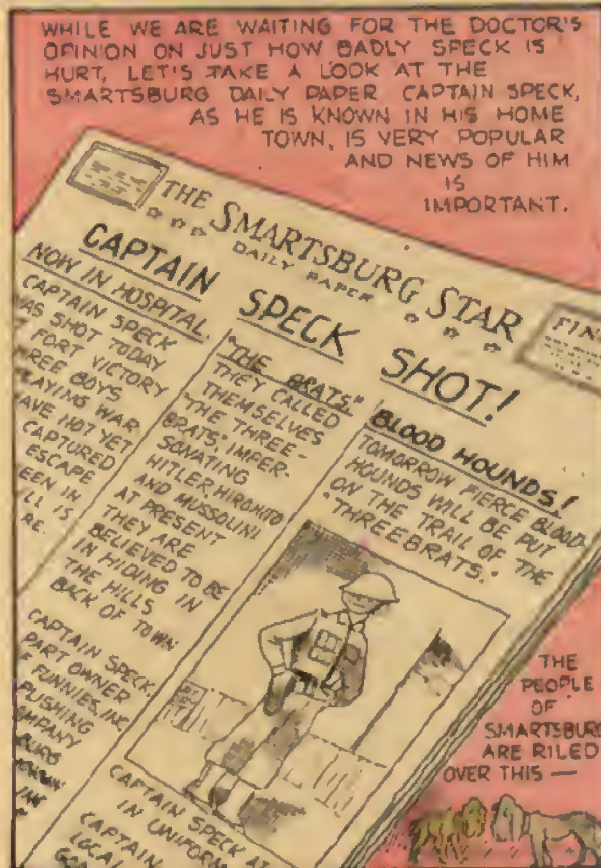
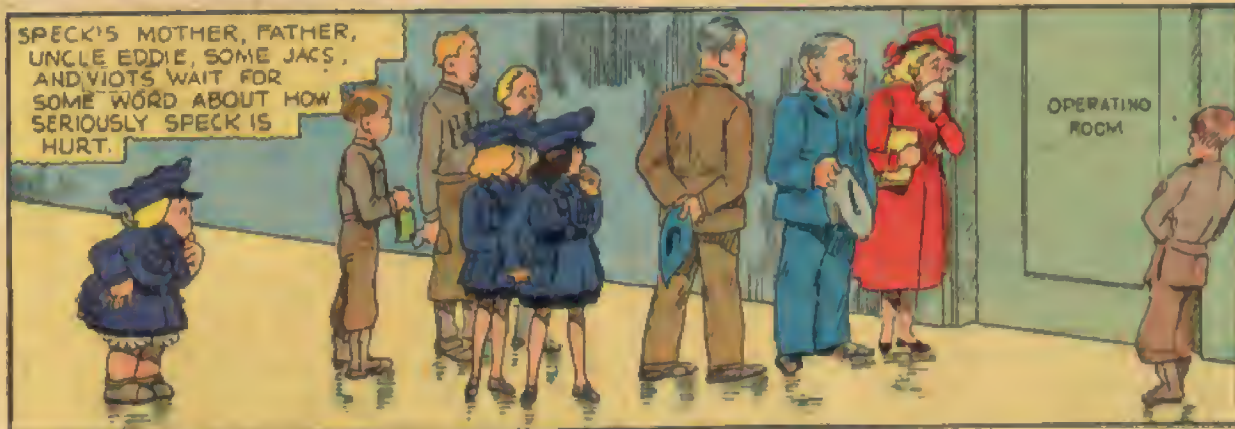
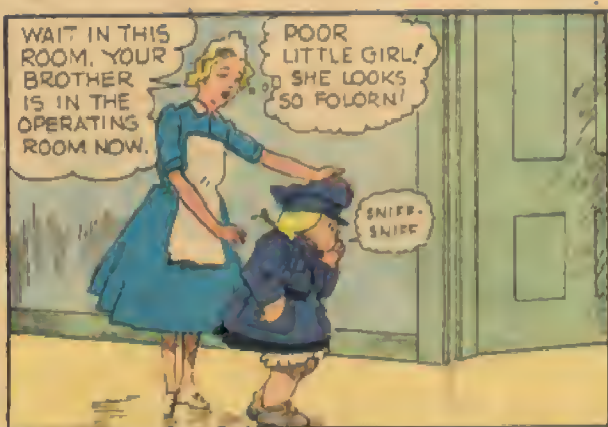
HUMPH-TH' FAT-HEAD! I'LL LET HIM LEAD US TO IT... THEN I'LL GIVE HIM TH' WOIKS

I'LL LET 'EM BOTH DO IT... THEN-









BRIGHT LIGHTS

IT WASN'T any fun gadding about the city alone, Chris discovered. It was blacked-out, with people coming and going like semi-ghosts, their coats turned up against the blast of wind from the bay, shoulders hunched over. Chris paused at the corner. Something was wrong. It didn't seem . . . alive.

He turned west a-half block, entered a lunch room. It was noisy and smelled of grease. He took his place at the counter. Glancing speculatively at the menu on the board, Chris saw the face of the girl in the mirror. He turned for a close-up, and met a pair of grey eyes looking directly at him.

"What's good?" Chris asked, a little lump of uncertainty in his throat. "Guess I could eat anything—"

"In town on a furlough?" the girl questioned.

Chris nodded. "Yup. Figured I'd have a little fun. Before . . . before the company moves out. I've got four days off. I . . ." He hesitated to take breath. "Where does a guy go around here?"

"The USO," the girl told him, taking a swallow of coffee. "There are night clubs if that's what you want—"

"That's it!" Chris said. "Music, people, a nice girl—"

HIS COMPANION smiled. "I'm working in a factory. Nights. It isn't easy, be-

lieve me. Of course, the money comes in handy but you work for it." She paused and finally admitted, "Plenty of work home, too. That's why I took the night trick, so I'd be off during the day."

"Nobody else home but you?" Chris wanted to know. "Shucks, you can't work all the time. Look at us soldiers. We've got to have some fun. We drill all day, have jobs to do around the camp, this is the first chance I'll have for some fun since I went in. I—we were shipped south. Out into the hills. Boy, what a dump. Closed up tight after nine o'clock—"

"You're in the army now," the girl reminded him. "And I'm in defense work. Sure, it's hard. It is for you. But you're the guys who are doing the fighting and it's up to us here at home to supply the things you need. I wouldn't be here and neither would you, if there wasn't a war. I had an easy job once."

Chris stirred his coffee, thinking meanwhile about what she'd said. He felt a queer uneasiness within him as he thought about the blacked-out city, the people moving through dim streets like ghosts, this girl working nights in a defense factory and helping out home during the day. She sounded proud of it, as if it were a privilege to do it and as if he . . . For about the first time Chris

thought about himself. He felt mellow right now, rich with the warmth of the lunch room working through his clothes, touching his body. The coffee began to warm him from the inside out. He took a bite of the sandwich.

BEING A SOLDIER . . . well, it was an important job. A little tingle of pride asserted itself as he let this fact sink in. Until tonight he hadn't taken time out to think about it. For one thing . . . it was the first time he'd had money and been away from home.

But the city didn't look so hot. People were preoccupied, like this girl beside him. She didn't look like much more than eighteen. He felt a little twist of loneliness when she went out.

Chris finished eating. He wasn't in much of a hurry now. He let himself out into the street buttoning his jacket against the wind. As he walked along he thought of home, of kid-days back in the country.

This was the first year he'd missed the sledding in the hills, the crisp smell across the snow, the sweet smell of bon-fires in the fall, the smoke heavy and thick on the evening air. He could hear the sound of a dog barking somewhere in the valley. . . .

Yes, the city had changed. It couldn't have always been like this, he told himself as he turned another corner and started down the wide dark canyon be-

tween towering buildings. Lights were gone. Even the people were less in number. No one seemed to have time for any joking or talking, and Chris felt as if he were deserted, shut away in a city that was lifeless.

The saloon down the street was blacked-out. When someone went in he caught a glimpse of the bar with men leaning on it, the mellow light spilling out into the slush on the sidewalk. Chris hesitated remembering that he had his money in his pocket, that he'd come to the city with the firm intention of going on a spree, painting the place red. Back home you had fun but it was a different brand. It was kid-fun and he'd been a kid. But now it was different. Now . . .

A soldier was a mighty important person nowadays, but telling himself that didn't seem to encourage enthusiasm within him, certainly not as when the girl had spoken to him. She'd made him actually feel proud.

DOWN NEAR the water front he paused to look out over the Port of Embarkation. Something stirred inside him, uneasiness perhaps. Under cover of black-out lights, screens, behind walls, there was life that never paused but went ceaselessly on, sorting and shipping supplies and men and machinery. Out on the bay he could just make out the dim outlines of freighters, could hear the low rumble of machinery and knew it was the booms and hoists and the goofy little yellow trucks that went scuttling around with trailers tagging behind.

One of these days . . . Chris forced a grin and squared his shoulders. This all meant him, was all tied up with him one way or another. His basic training was over and he was resting for a short period after which . . . well, a lot depended

upon him. Just like the girl had said. He realized that this was all part of him. The city was blacked-out for protection and would stay so until the war was over, and *that*, the end of the war, rested upon his shoulders and the shoulders of the other guys in uniform.

He located the bus office. They told him he'd have a wait, and he stepped out again. He bought a soft leather tobacco pouch and a little sheaf of hankies in a fancy box, in a drug store. He went back to the depot. Within him grew the urge to get away from here. It was depressing and he didn't want to feel depressed. He wanted to go where there was *light* . . .

It was evening of the second day of his furlough when Chris walked along the road. Poplars were naked against the evening sky and the smell from the hills was the same as he remembered it, cool and sharp and tinged with the wet earth and damp leaves and the fields. There weren't any lights except from the occasional farm house but he'd expected that and it pleased him. He quickened his step as he drew near, finally turned into the gate and he broke into a trot up the path to the porch.

It was warm inside and the old familiar smell of home rushed at him, enveloping him as he stood for a brief moment with his back to the door. He walked slowly along the worn carpet to the living room, stepped across the threshold.

"CHRIS!" DAD'S PAPER went in all directions as he came to his feet, his face breaking into little pleased crinkles around eyes and mouth. "Why, son—"

Mom got to Chris first and for a couple of seconds he didn't dare to look up or say anything. She didn't let him see her face and Chris knew why.

"Sit down." Dad ordered gruffly. "Here—boy, you must be cold traveling like this—"

"You might have warned us," Mom protested taking a hand full of sandy hair and shaking him gently.

Chris said, "Wanted to surprise you. I'm back from camp. Got a couple of days off—" He hesitated and decided not to say anything about the city, how dead and lifeless it had been, how people were too busy . . . "Here," Chris said holding out the two packages. "One for each of you. It was all I could get. Saw 'em while I was waiting for the bus—"

Neither of them said anything and for a couple of minutes there was just the sound of paper rustling, the flames in the fire-place crackling. A spark shot out like a miniature sky-rocket, lit on the rug and Chris stretched out his foot to rub it out and it left a black smudge. Mom always hollered. . . .

She said then, "I — I'll get something for you to eat. You must be hungry!"

Dad countered, "Ever see him when he wasn't?"

THE FIRE felt good and at last Chris was relaxed, warm and rested inside. He'd have a couple of days here and then . . . back to the big job. The job that had to be done. He didn't mind. In fact, he would be glad to get back and do his share. The sooner it was over. . . .

The world was changed. It was blotted out, blacked-out, lifeless and colorless. So it would remain until he came back. He would. And when he did return, he knew where he'd find color and fun and warmth. Home couldn't be blacked out, he'd find light, and everything else, right inside the door.

The End.

DAN'L FLANNEL



HULLY GEE, LUKE!
WHUT'S THAT-
ANOTHER
INDIAN SHOW?

NAW, IT'S THEM
COLLEEGE PERFESSORS
FROM STARVARD
UNIVERSITY, COME TO
VISIT THE FLANNELS.

AN ODD CARAVAN PASSES THROUGH
THE SLEEPY HAMLET OF HOMESPUN
CENTER -- IT IS TO PLAY AN
IMPORTANT ROLE WITH
DAN'L FLANNEL KEEPING ONE
STEP AHEAD OF DANGER!

UNCLE DUD AND DAN'L WATCH
THE WAGON COME UP THE
ROAD TO DUD'S CABIN.

DAN'L, WHUT
BE THAT?

I DON'T RIGHTLY
KNOW, UNCLE DUD.

HI, YA VARMINTS!
GET OFF
OF MAH
PROPERTY!

NOW, NOW, MY
GOOD MAN! LET
US EXPLAIN. I'M
PROFESSOR FIDDLE,
AND THIS IS PROFESSOR
HARP WE ARE FROM
STARVARD
UNIVERSITY.

IN STUDYING ANCIENT INDIAN
LORE, WE CAME ACROSS
THIS MAP SHOWING
WHERE A FABULOUSLY
RICH GOLD MINE
IS LOCATED. IT IS
ON YOUR PROPERTY.

GOSH!
THERE
AIN'T A
BIT UV
GOLD IN
THE
WHOLE STATE!



LEGEND HAS IT THAT CHIEF RAINCLOUD FOUND THE GOLD AND TRADED IT FOR SUPPLIES. HE MADE HIS BRAVES PROMISE TO BURY HIM AT THE MOUTH OF THE MINE WHEN HE DIED, AND TO KEEP THE SECRET.

DID THEY?

ACCORDING TO LEGEND, YES.

PSHAW! I AIN'T LETTIN' NO ONE TURN UP MAH PROPERTY FER NO DURN STORIES 'BOUT GOLD MINES!

YOU LOOK STRONG AND HEALTHY, SON. IF WE GET YOUR UNCLE'S PERMISSION, WE'LL HIRE YOU TO HELP US FOR A DOLLAR A DAY.

B'AR GREASE! A WHOLE DOLLAR!

AW, C'MON, UNCLE DUD! YOU DON'T WANT TO STAND IN THE WAY OF HISTORY! LET THEM DIG—THEN I'LL GET A WHOLE DOLLAR A DAY!

ALL RIGHT, DAN'L—BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!

UNCLE DUD SAYS ALL RIGHT—AN' I'LL WORK FOR YOU.

SPLENDID! WE'LL START AT ONCE.

AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK, DAN'L RETURNS TO HIS UNCLE'S CABIN TO MEET BEULAH BELLE.

DAN'L, I'M SO PROUD OF YOU AND YOUR NEW JOB!

OH—DID UNCLE DUD TELL YOU?

NO GOOD'LL COME OF IT!

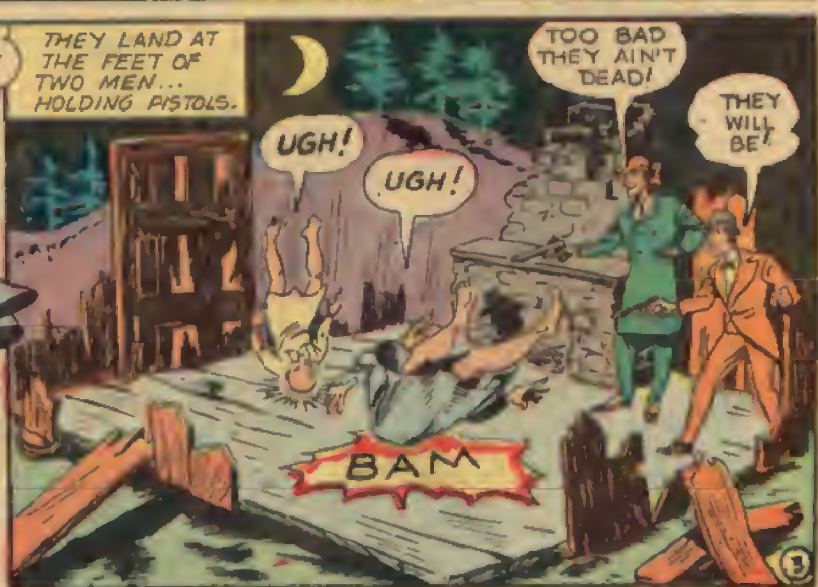
SUDDENLY...

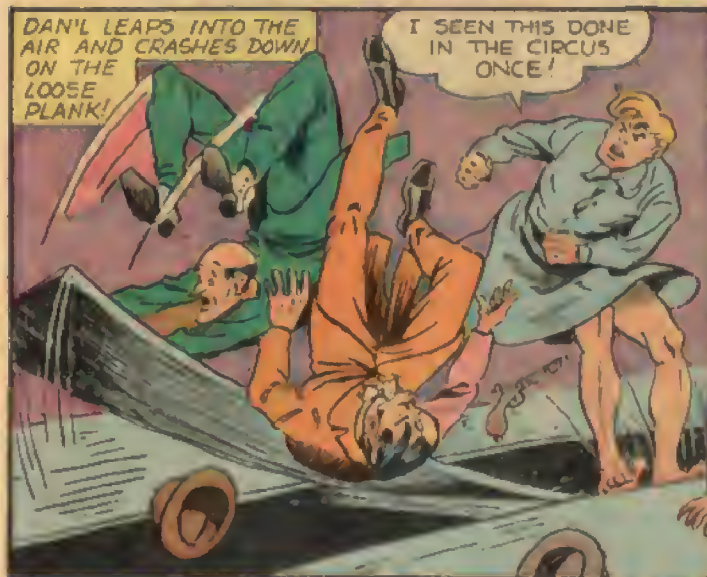
GUN SHOTS!

CAN'T BE A FEUD—ALL THE MURPHY'S AIR DEAD!

THE PERFESSORS, I'LL BET!

BANG
BANG





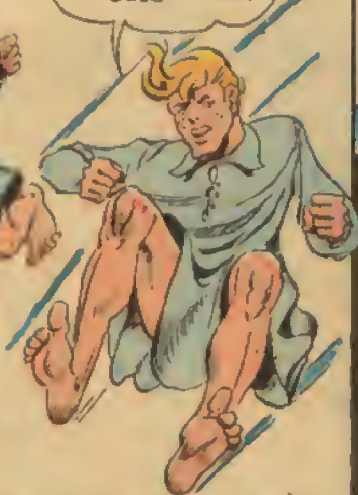
BLINDLY, THE CULPRIT RUNS INTO THE HOLE CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION

HE RUN INTO TH' HOLE!

OWAH!



SO, I'LL JUST FOLLOW HIM!



OW!

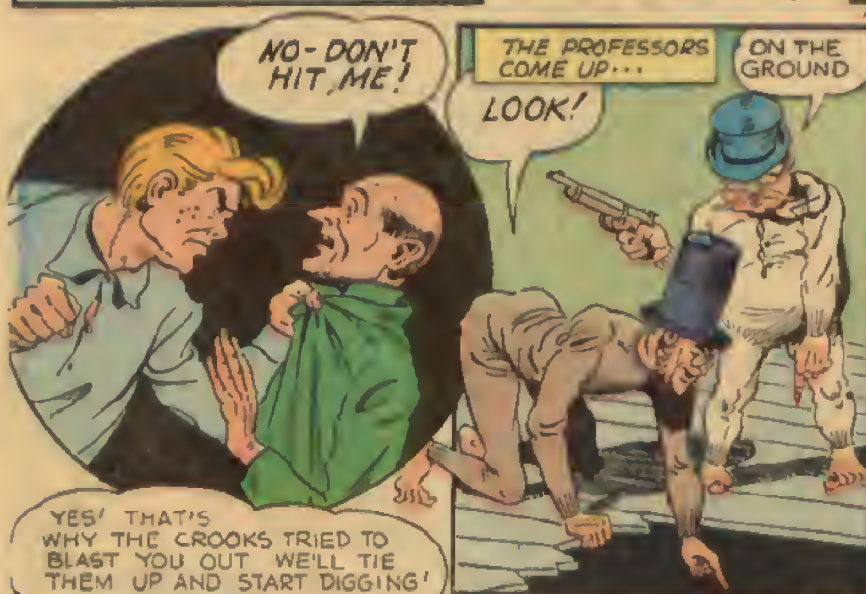
UMPH!



NO - DON'T HIT ME!

THE PROFESSORS COME UP...
LOOK!

ON THE GROUND



YES! THAT'S WHY THE CROOKS TRIED TO BLAST YOU OUT. WE'LL TIE THEM UP AND START DIGGING!

GOLD! OH, JOY! IT BE THE MINE - RIGHT UNDER UNCLE DUD'S CABIN!



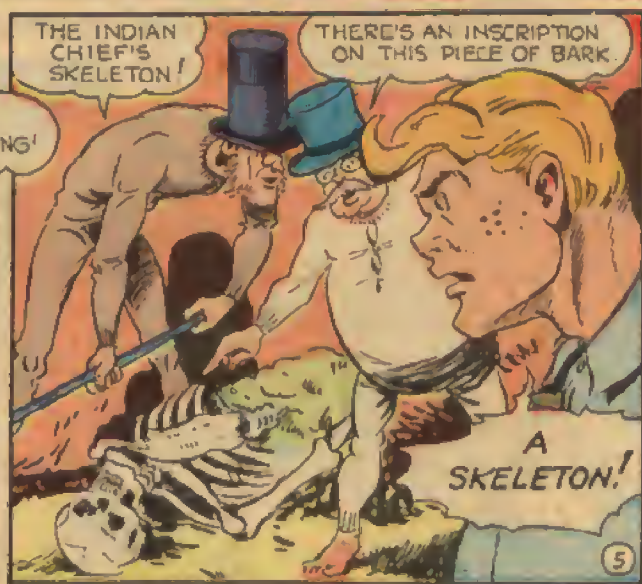
YOUR UNCLE IS GUARDING THE CROOKS

I'VE STRUCK SOMETHING!

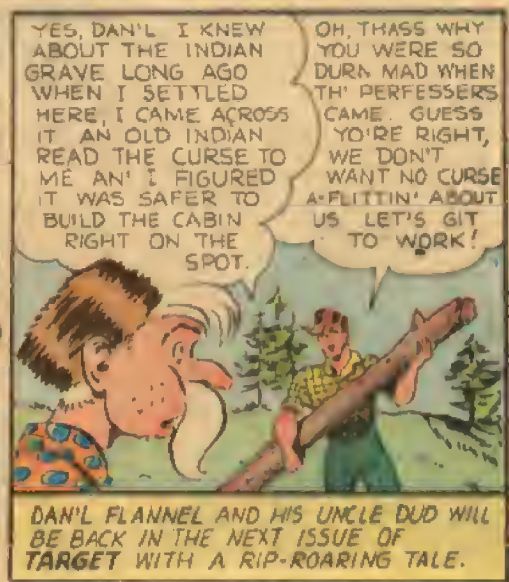
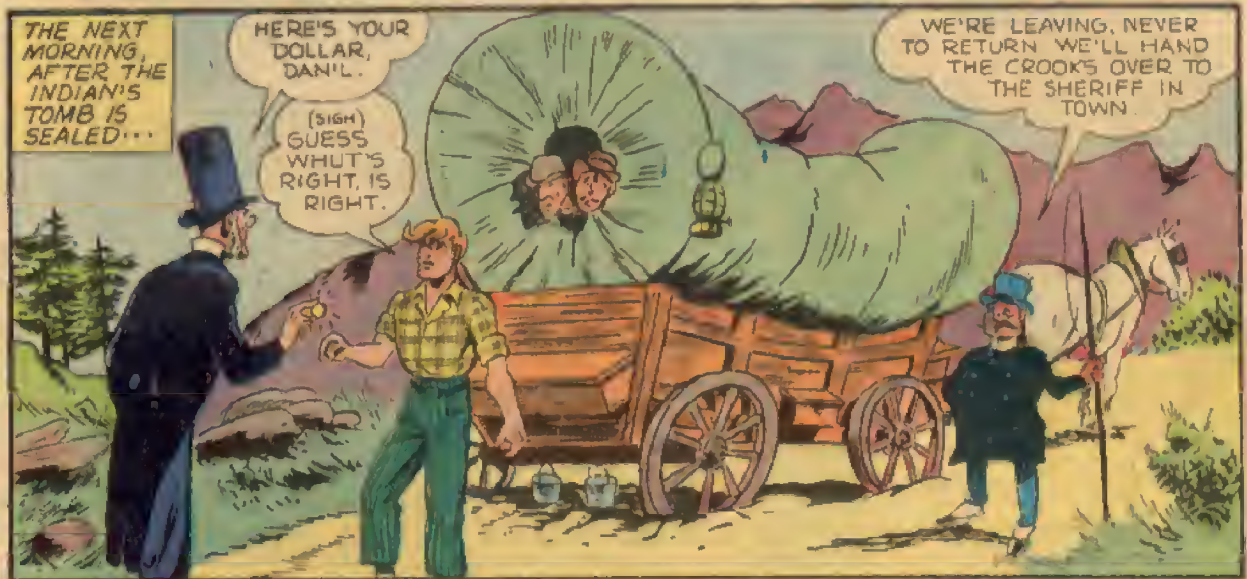
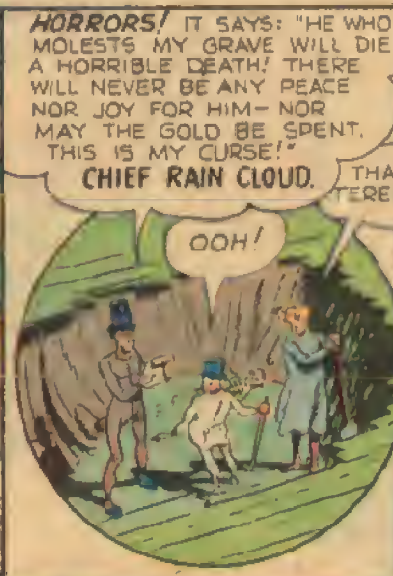


THE INDIAN CHIEF'S SKELETON!

THERE'S AN INSCRIPTION ON THIS PIECE OF BARK.



A SKELETON!



THE TARGET

and
the

TARGETEERS

A PAINTING,
BEAUTIFUL AND
APPEALING—YET HOLDING
THE KEY WHICH OPENS
THE DOOR TO THE
MOST COMPLICATED STORY OF
MURDER AND MYSTERY
THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS
HAVE ENCOUNTERED
IN
**THE CASE OF
THE AUCTIONED
CLUE!**



HOME TOGETHER ON LEAVE,
NILES REED, THE TARGET,
WITH FOSTER AND TOMMY
BROWN, THE TARGETEERS,
CELEBRATE THEIR REUNION.

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE
BACK IN THE "BIG TOWN",
FELLOWS?

SWELL, NILES!
EH, DAVE?

YOU
BET!

METRO ART SALES CO.

OH, LOOK!— A
MINIATURE
PAINTING! I
ALWAYS WANTED
ONE TO HANG IN
MY BUNK

OH-OH! TOMMY'S
GONE "MICHELANGELO
ON US!"

PERHAPS
THE NAVY TAUGHT
HIM ART
APPRECIATION!

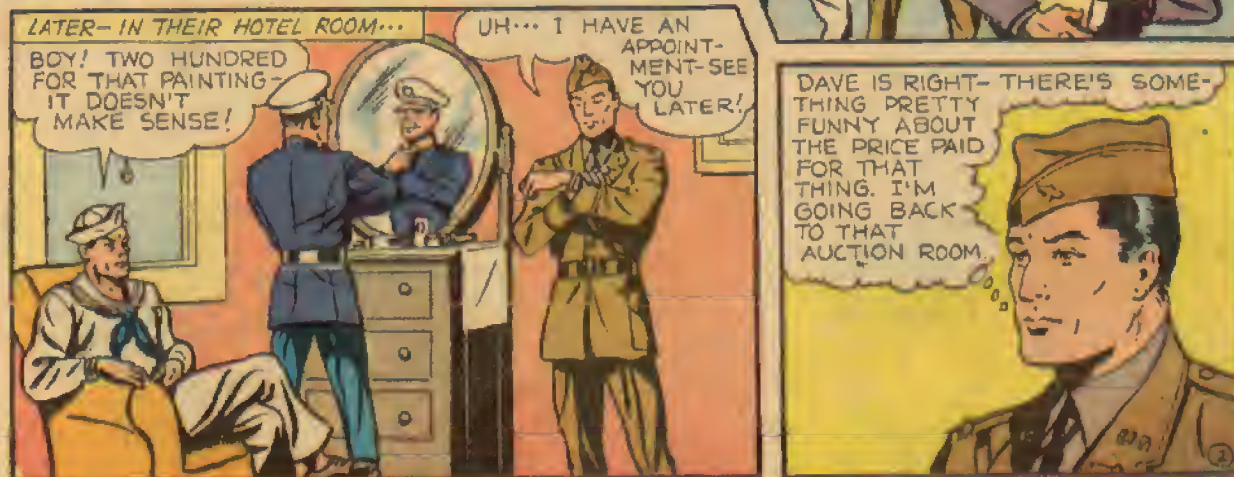
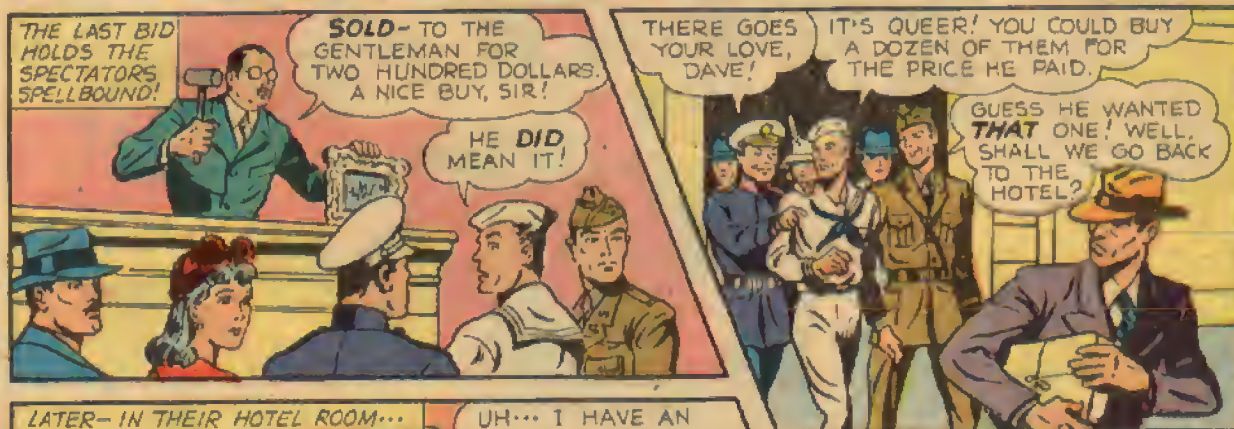
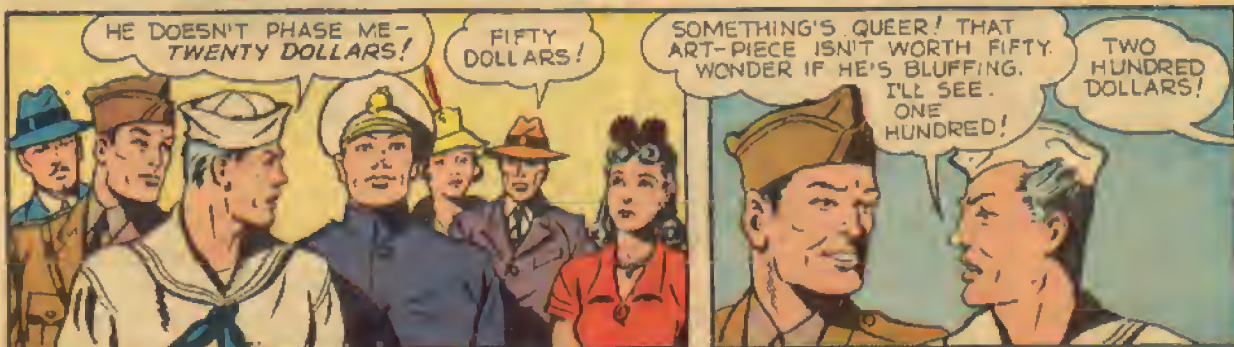
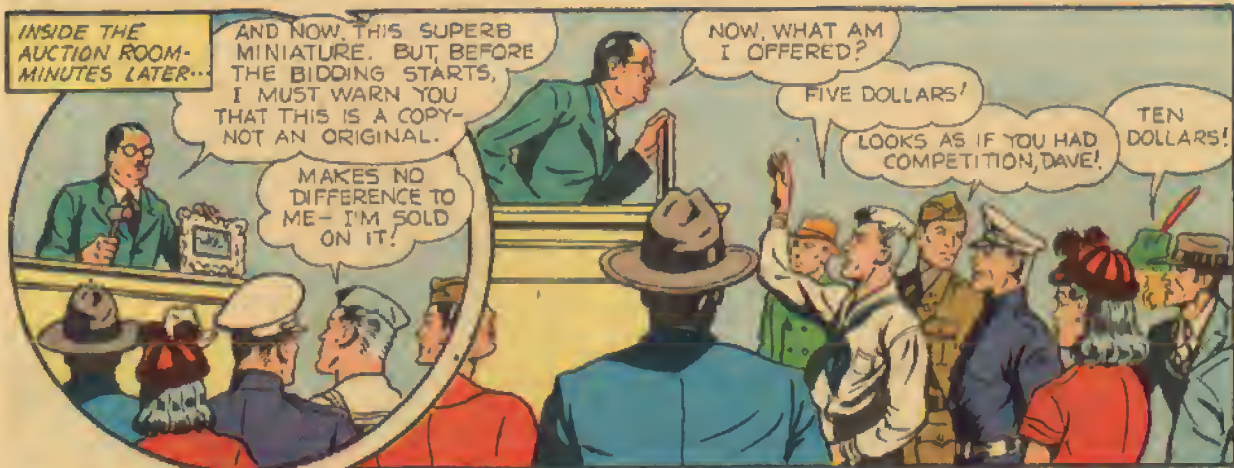
**AUCTION
TODAY**

AW, CUT THE KIDDING
I WANT THAT
PAINTING!

SAY, NILES,
MAYBE
HE'S SICK!

WE'LL
HUMOR
HIM...
WE'VE
PLENTY
OF TIME.





IN A SHORT TIME, NILES IS QUESTIONING THE AUCTIONEER.

WHY, NO- THE MAN WHO BOUGHT THE PAINTING LEFT NO NAME. HE PAID - CASH!

I SEE... WELL, WHOM DID YOU SELL THE PAINTING FOR?



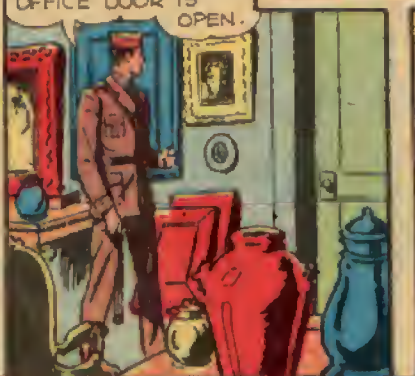
THANK YOU

HERE- IT'S IN MY BOOK...A MR. RINALDI. HE OWNS A SMALL ART STORE AT 11 VALE STREET.



THIS MUST BE IT... SHABBY LITTLE PLACE.

SEEMS TO BE DESERTED. MM-THE OFFICE DOOR IS OPEN.



NILES ENTERS, TO SEE...

GOOD HEAVENS!



HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT! MUST BE RINALDI! WHAT WAS HE WRITING WHEN HE DIED?... "RED WENTON WAREHOUSE" GUESS THAT'S MY NEXT STOP!

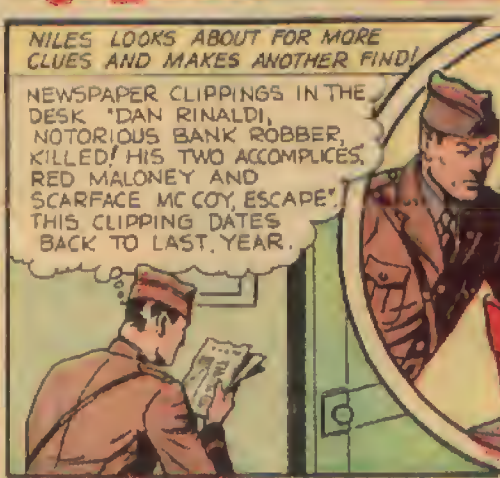


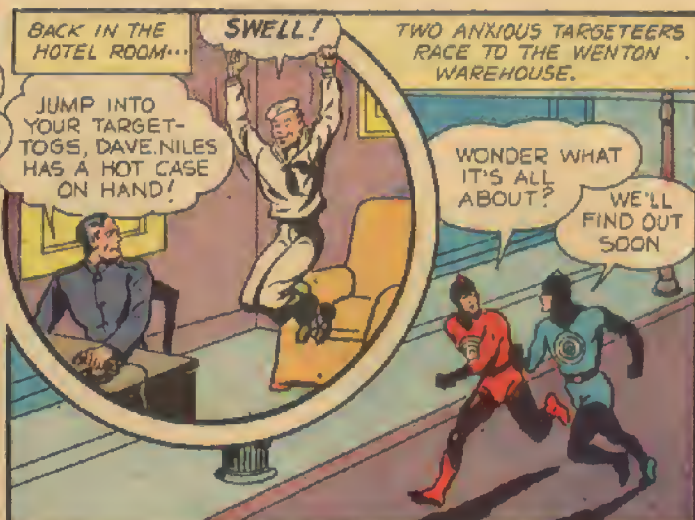
NILES LOOKS ABOUT FOR MORE CLUES AND MAKES ANOTHER FIND!

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS IN THE DESK "DAN RINALDI, NOTORIOUS BANK ROBBER, KILLED! HIS TWO ACCOMPLICES, RED MALONEY AND SCARFACE MCCOY, ESCAPE". THIS CLIPPING DATES BACK TO LAST YEAR.

NILES REACHES FOR THE PHONE...

I GET IT! DAN RINALDI WAS THIS GUY'S BROTHER! BUT, WHERE DOES THE PAINTING TIE IN? AND WHY? THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD CASE FOR THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS!





NILES REACHES THE FOURTH FLOOR
AND SEES...

NO! YA DON'T GIT THE PAINTIN'
TILL YA FORK OVER THE GRAND,
PLUS THE TWO CENTURIES
IT COST ME!

OH-OH!

BE REASONABLE, MARTY.
WE'LL GIVE YA THE DOUGH
SOON AS WE GET THE
PITCHER.

YEAH - AND A
GRAND TO BOOT
IF YOU'LL DROP
THAT GAT!

HOWEVER...

NO SHOOTING
WHILE I'M AROUND,
BUD!

YER LIARS!
YUH BOYS ARE
BROKE! I'M
GONNA DRILL
YA BOTH WIDE
OPEN!

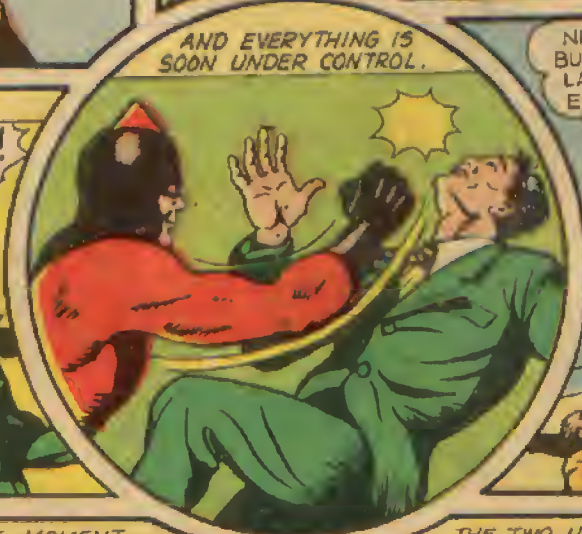
NOW, LET'S HAVE
SOME SORT OF
EXPLANATION
FROM ONE
OF YOU!

GET THE
GUN! I'VE GOT
TH' PAINTIN'!

ALL RIGHT, BOY SCOUT! YOU'VE
DONE YOUR GOOD DEED FOR
THE DAY. DON'T TRY TO
FOLLOW US AN' WE'LL
CALL IT QUITS!

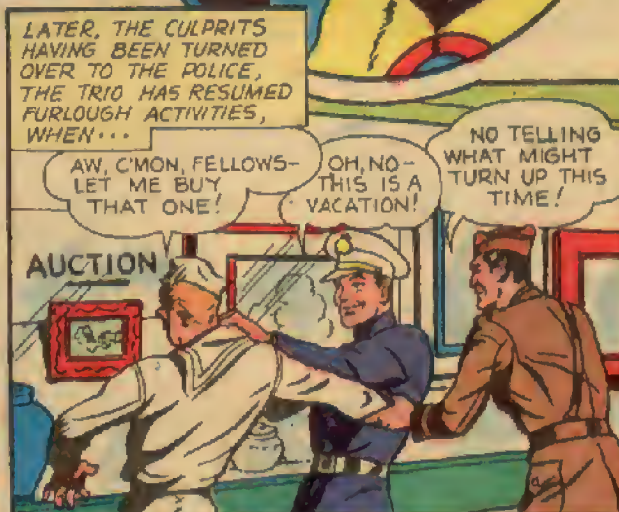
OKAY -
YOU'VE
GOT THE
DROP!







YOU SEE, BEFORE DAN RINALDI DIED, HE HID THE MONEY HE'D STOLEN IN THIS PAINTING AT HIS BROTHER'S SHOP. SCAR AND RED, HERE, HAD TO HIDE OUT, BUT THEY KNEW WHERE THE MONEY WAS HIDDEN!



THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE.

BULLS-EYE

BILL



ON A NARROW, CROWDED STREET IN MYSTERIOUS, INTRIGUE-LADEN ALGIERS, CAPTAIN BILL AND PANCHÓ STUMBLE UPON A CLEVER PLOT AND UNCOVER THE SECRET OF THE ARYAN ARABS.

SAY, PANCHÓ...
LOOK AT THOSE FOUR
ARABS HUDDLED
TOGETHER. I'LL BET
THEY'RE UP TO
SOMETHING!

WE FIND OUT!-
IF WE STAND BY
THAT VENDOR,
THEY WON'T KNOW
WE LISTEN!



JA! JA!

SOME ARAB!

FUNNY FOR
AN ARAB TO
SPEAK GERMAN! THEY
ARE LEAVING NOW.

COME ON,
PANCHÓ... WE'LL
FOLLOW THAT
GUY!

STAY CLOSE
TO WALL.





BE READY
TO LEAVE IN TEN
MINUTES.

JAWÖHL!



QUICK, PANCHO!
THEY WENT INTO THAT
BUILDING!



VAS
IST!

GRAB
'EM,
PANCHO!



OOF!

N-NFF!

THAT'LL TAKE CARE
OF THESE BIRDS.



THESE MEN ARE
NOT ARABS—THEY'RE
NAZIS!... PUT THEIR
ROBES ON OVER
YOUR UNIFORM.

NOW WE FIND
OUT WHAT
GOES ON!



A QUICK CHANGE... AND BILL AND PANCHO
EMERGE AS ARABS.

INTO THE
WAGON!

I MAKE PRETTY
GOOD ARAB,
NO?



CLIMBING ABOARD THE WAGON, BILL AND
PANCHO DRIVE OFF.

WE HAVE NO
TIME TO GET
HELP... WE'LL
HAVE TO GO
IT ALONE!



I HAVE INFORMATION FOR YOU, KAPITAN. THE AMERICANS HAVE CHANGED THEIR PLANS.... THEY PASS HERE THE FOLLOWING DAY

VERY WELL. WHICH DAY DOESN'T MATTER! GOOD DAY.

ALONE AGAIN, PANCHO TURNS TO BILL...

BUT, YOU **KNOW** THAT OUR TROOPS- **OUR OWN OUTFIT-** IS DUE HERE TOMORROW!

THAT'S JUST IT! THE NAZIS WON'T EXPECT THEM NOW! OUR OUTFIT WILL FIND THEM AND DO THE AMBUSHING!

SUDDENLY, THE TENT FLAP IS FLUNG ASIDE...

THERE THEY ARE! **SIEZE THEM!**

OH-OH! THE JIG'S UP!

AMERIKANISCHE SOLDATEN!

IT ALMOST WORKED!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

WE GO NOW TO AMBUSH YOUR TROOPS THE GUARDS WILL WATCH YOU CLOSELY... IN CASE YOU GET ANY MORE IDEAS!

THERE THEY GO- AND WE ARE STUCK HERE!

NOT MUCH WE CAN DO!

AS BILL AND PANCHO STARE DESPAIRINGLY AT THE FIRE...



HEY, YOU! THE FIRE'S DYING OUT- GET IT STARTED AGAIN!



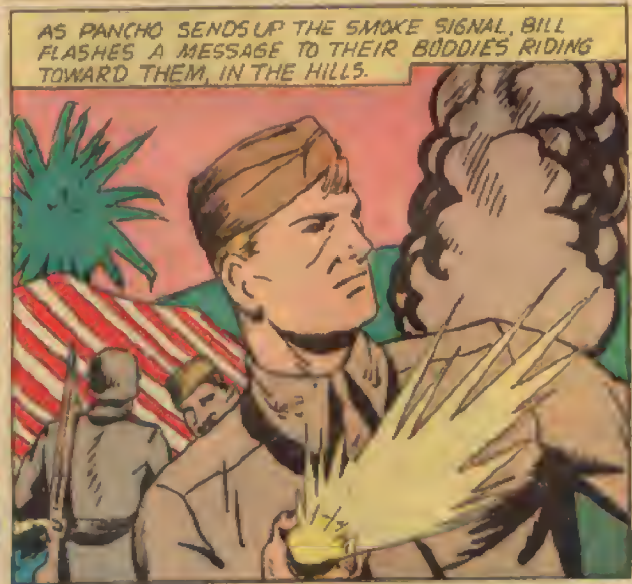
OKAY! COME ON, PANCHO- TAKE ONE END OF THAT BLANKET OVER THERE.

BLANKET!
WHA... OH!!!
I SEE! WE FIX FIRE, ALL RIGHT!



HO-HO! SEE-SEE HANS! I TOLD YOU THESE AMERICANS WERE CRAZY! SEE HOW THEY FIX A FIRE!

LUCKY THESE NAZIS NEVER HEARD OF INDIAN SMOKE SIGNALS! AND MY POCKET MIRROR WILL FLASH A HELIOGRAPH MESSAGE WHEN THE GUARDS TURN THEIR BACKS!



AS PANCHO SENDS UP THE SMOKE SIGNAL, BILL FLASHES A MESSAGE TO THEIR BUDDIES RIDING TOWARD THEM, IN THE HILLS.



OVER THE RIDGE OF HILLS, THE SMOKE SIGNAL APPEARS.

THAT'S STRANGE- AMERICAN INDIAN SMOKE-SIGNALS IN AFRICA!

HALT!



... AND SOME ONE'S USING A HELIOGRAPH! ... AN- AMBUSH- HILLS- PASS- NAZIS- DRESSED- AS- ARABS- DANGER ...

BUGLER! BLOW ATTENTION!



THEY MUST BE WAITING FOR US BY THE PASS. WE'LL CIRCLE AROUND AND COME IN FROM BEHIND!

AS THE UNITED STATES TROOPS REACH THE RIDGE, THEY DISCOVER THE DISGUISED NAZIS BELOW THEM.

THERE THEY ARE!
BUGLER—BLOW
THE CHARGE!



DOWN THE HILL... INTO THE MIDST OF THE SURPRISED NAZIS... CHARGE THE YANKS!



WITH THE SHOE ON THE OTHER FOOT, THE NAZIS ARE CAUGHT IN THE YANKS' AMBUSH!



YEEOW!
ARE WE GLAD
TO SEE YOU!

HANS!
AMERIKAN-
UH-H!



THE BATTLE ENDS... THE NAZIS ARE DONE IN... BILL AND PANCHE REJOIN THEIR OUTFIT.

THOSE SMOKE SIGNALS STOPPED US JUST IN TIME, BILL—AND YOUR MESSAGE SAVED US!

MAYBE THOSE NAZIS WILL LEARN IT'S NOT SO EASY TO TRICK AN AMERICAN!



THE AXIS IS FINDING IT MORE DIFFICULT EVERY DAY TO TRICK THE AMERICANS—PARTICULARLY SINCE WE ARE ALL PITCHING IN TO BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

CAPTAIN BILL WILL TELL A NEW TALE OF ADVENTURE IN AFRICA IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **TARGET!**

PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON



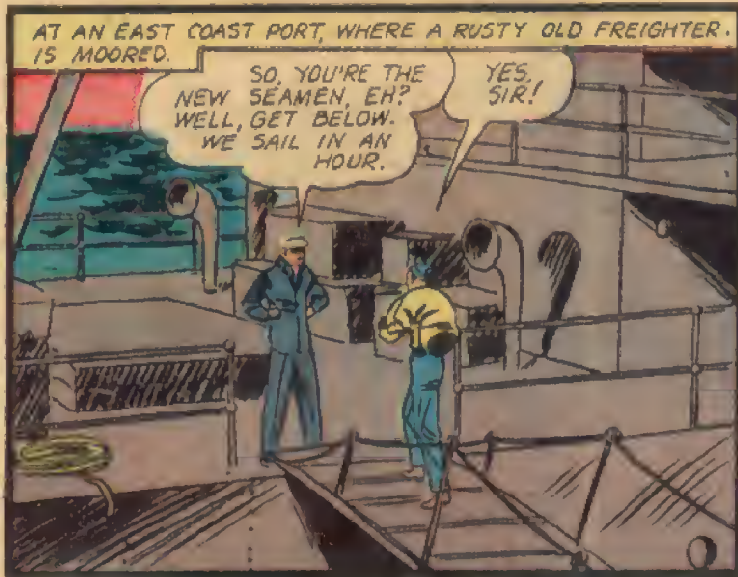
WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE'S PETE? WHY—HERE'S A LETTER, ADDRESSED TO ME!



Dear Ragsy:
I can't tell you where I'm going, for I don't really know myself. But this much I can tell—The Chameleon has joined the fight for Freedom! He's going to fight the way he knows best—alone—in the midst of the enemy.
So long, until Victory!
Pete Stockbridge

GOOD LUCK, PETE!

AND SO WE FOLLOW THE CHAMELEON INTO NEW HARD-HITTING ADVENTURES AS HE ENTERS THE BATTLE FOR LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS!



AFTER HOURS OF DRIFTING IN THE ICY SEA, THE CHAMELEON IS WASHED ASHORE ON A ROCKY COAST.



I'D BEST HEAD INLAND. WONDER WHERE I AM?



SUDDENLY, THE CHAMELEON COMES UPON A STRANGE SCENE...

WHAT'S THIS?



HA! DER GESTAPO NEFER FAILS! YE HAFF FINALLY CAPTURED HER! JA! DER BRILLIANT AGENT OF DER UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT! VOT GLORY VILL BE OURS!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!



NOT SO FAST!

VOT? STOP! NEIN!

VOT IST?



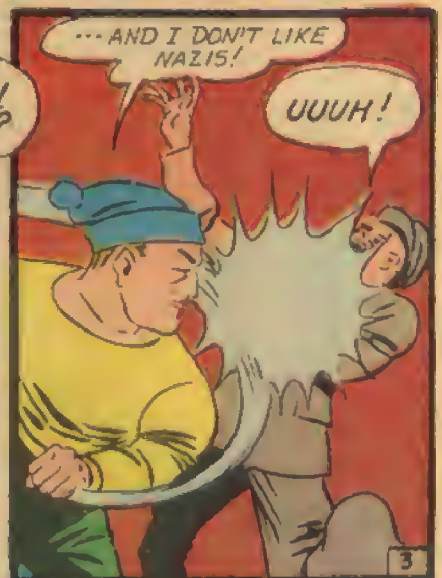
YOU SOUND LIKE A COUPLE OF NAZIS TO ME...

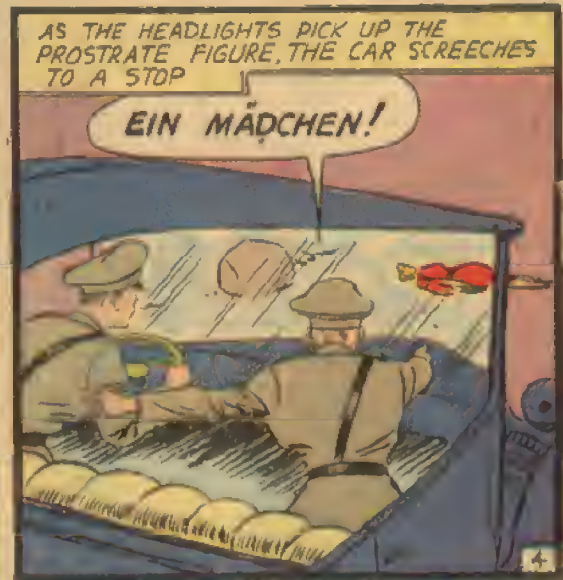
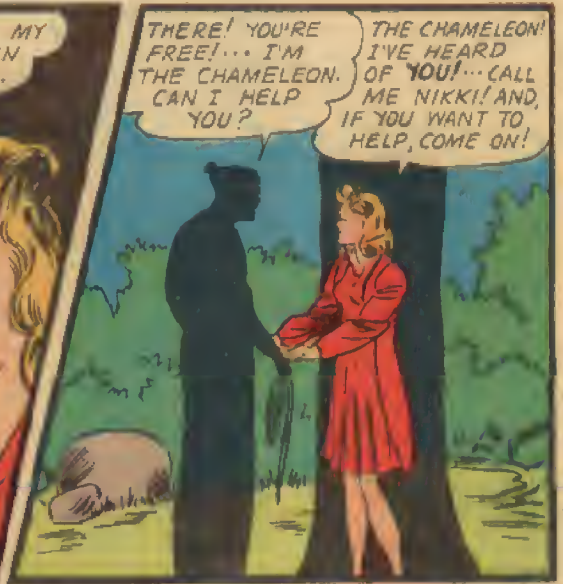
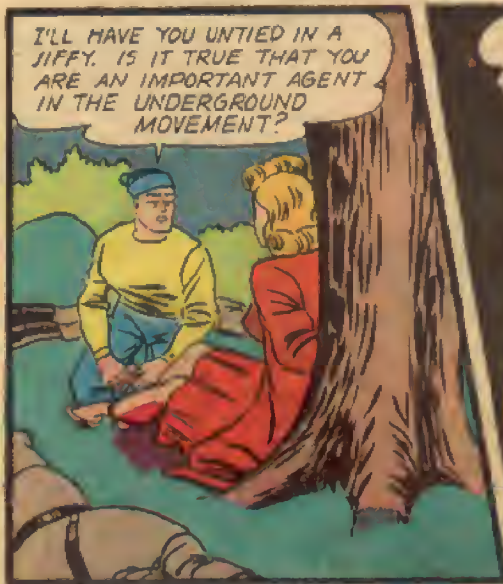
HIMMEL! WHO ISS?



...AND I DON'T LIKE NAZIS!

UUUH!







LEAVING THE NAZIS SECURELY TIED,
THE CHAMELEON AND NIKKI SPEED
AWAY IN THE OFFICERS' CAR

WE MUST HURRY, CHAMELEON!
IN A VILLAGE, SOMEWHERE AHEAD
OF US, ONE OF OUR AGENTS IS
TO BE SHOT AT DAWN!



HE IS PIERRE - ONE OF
OUR VALUABLE MEN. WE
MUST GET THERE IN
TIME!



AS DAWN APPEARS OVER
THE HORIZON...

OH-OH! LOOK, NIKKI!
NAZI TROOPS
AHEAD!
KEEP GOING! WE'LL
CHANCE IT!



THE GERMAN TROOPS MOVE ASIDE AS THE
STAFF CAR DASHES THROUGH

LOOKS AS IF IT WOULD
WORK, NIKKI! THEY
THINK WE ARE
NAZI OFFICERS!



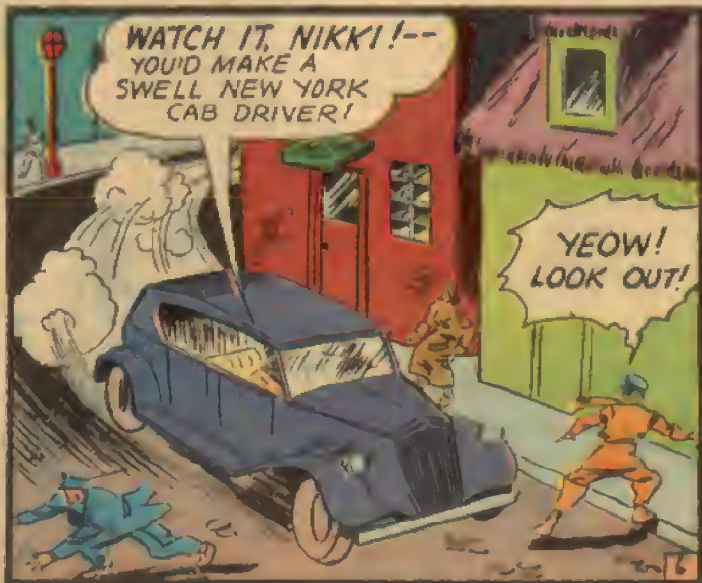
IT DID WORK!
WE MADE
IT!

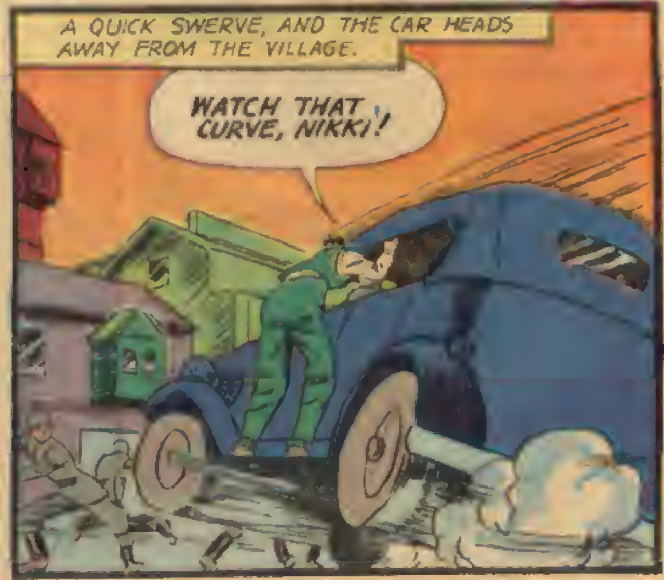
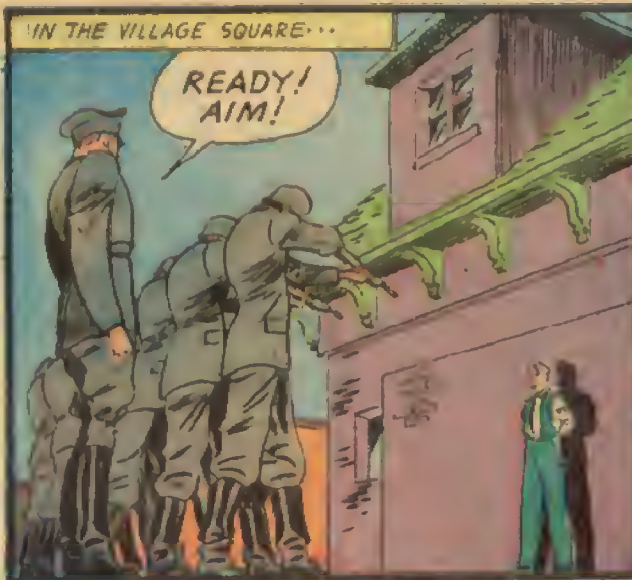
AND THERE'S THE
VILLAGE! - THE
EXECUTION TAKES
PLACE IN THE
SQUARE...

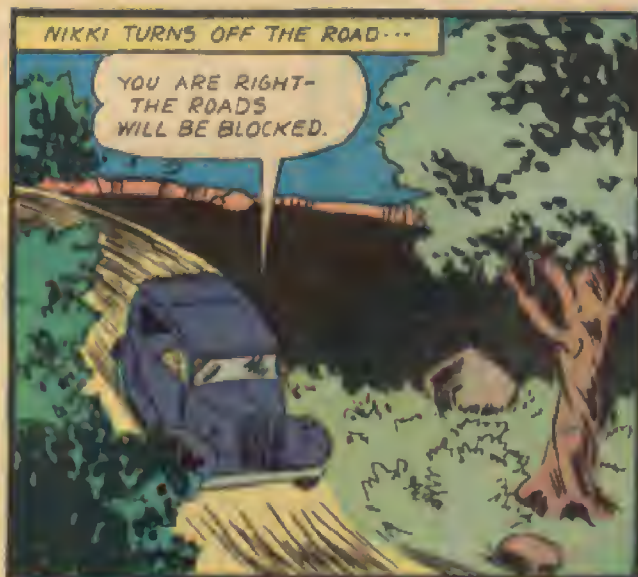


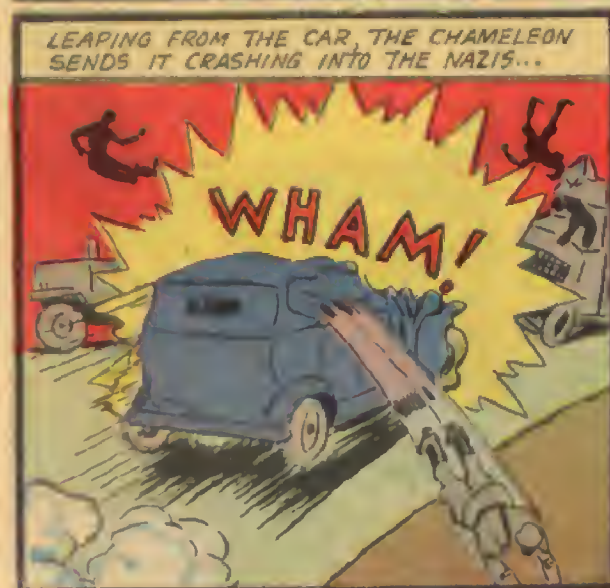
WATCH IT, NIKKI!--
YOU'D MAKE A
SWELL NEW YORK
CAB DRIVER!

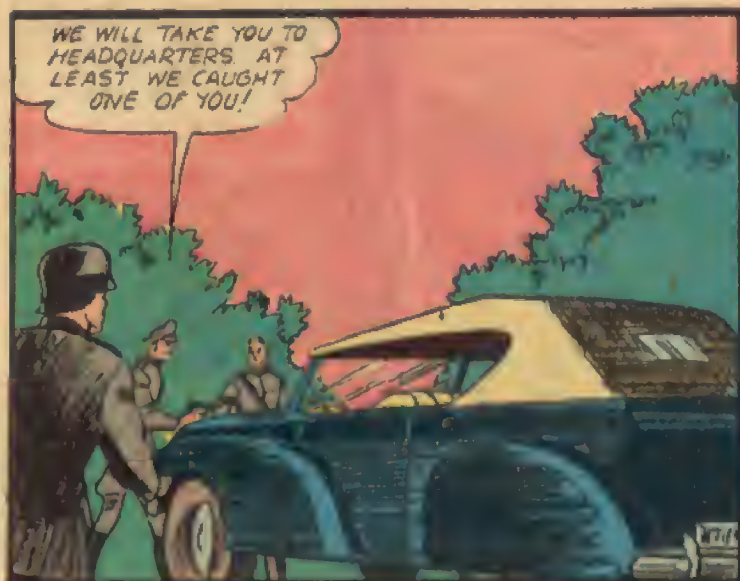
YEOW!
LOOK OUT!











WE WILL TAKE YOU TO HEADQUARTERS AT LEAST WE CAUGHT ONE OF YOU!



HURRY, DRIVER! HEADQUARTERS!

JA!



BUT, AS THE NAZI STAFF CAR PASSES OVER A HIGH BRIDGE...



... THE CHAMELEON LEAPS FROM THE CAR AND DIVES INTO THE WATER!

YAS IST! STOP!



DOWN- DOWN HE PLUNGES.



HE GOT AWAY!

NO MAN COULD LIVE THROUGH THAT!



BUT, DOWNSTREAM, A LONE FIGURE CRAWLS FROM THE RIVER.

THOSE NAZIS DON'T KNOW IT YET BUT THEY'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN TO HEAR ABOUT THE CHAMELEON!

THE NEXT ISSUE OF **TARGET** WILL HAVE A NEW STORY OF **THE CHAMELEON'S** ADVENTURES IN NAZI-OCCUPIED EUROPE

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